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# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

Chapel Hill

October, 1967



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# THE SUBVERSIVE LIBRARY

by

DAN LACY

Dan Mabry Lacy, a native of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, received his B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of North Carolina. For several years he was with the State Department of Archives and History in charge of the Historical Records Survey for North Carolina. Upon completing this work he served for two years, 1941-1943, as Executive Secretary of the Committee on Conservation of Cultural Resources of the National Resources Planning Board. From 1943 to 1953 Mr. Lacy held successively the positions of Assistant Archivist of the United States and Deputy Chief Assistant Librarian of the Library of Congress. In 1953 he was made Managing Director of the American Book Publishers Council. He held this position until last fall when he resigned to become senior Vice-President of the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

In the course of his very busy life Mr. Lacy has found time to write several books and many articles. Among his books are: *Freedom and Communications*, 1961, and *The Meaning of the American Revolution*, 1964.

Chancellor J. Carlyle Sitterson introduced Mr. Lacy who is an old friend of his. In the course of his remarks the Chancellor gave some personal recollections of their student days together at U. N. C.

Chancellor Sitterson, Ladies and Gentlemen:

No one who was fortunate enough to spend his youth here can return to this spring-haunted place in May without being overwhelmed by waves of nostalgia. Those waves have been heightened for me by the opportunity of spending some while this afternoon reminiscing with old friends about that great man and great teacher, William Stanley Bernard. It was thirty-five years ago, as I recall, when Tom Wolfe's LOOK HOME-WARD ANGEL appeared. One of its chapters "Euripides in the Spring" described the almost magic experience his not very mythical Eugene Grant underwent in the Greek class of a not very mythical Professor Buck Benson. In that spring thirty-five years ago, it happened that your distinguished professor of French, Alfred Engstrom, Vermont Royster, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, a few others, and I were undergoing that same experience, reading Euripides' HIPPOLYTOS in the class of the already legendary, but by no means mythical, Professor Bully Bernard.



There were other great teachers and great men in Chapel Hill then as now, and other deeply moving and unfolding experiences we all shared; but they were, for me at least, epitomized in those hours with Professor Bernard. Memories almost literally overflow: Bully evoking the clangor of Apollo's silver bow twenty-five centuries ago with the reading of one magically onomatopoetic line from the Iliad; "the sounding sea surge of Homer" as Tom Wolfe described it "first heard to the slowly pacing feet and hexametrical drawl of Buck Benson, the last lone weary son of Hellas"; Bully illustrating the optative mood by sighing, with great, sad eyes, "Would I were twenty and tonight the night of the Senior Ball!"

When we first started Greek with Professor Bernard, we used Moss' FIRST GREEK READER. It seemed to us we spent weeks on the first sentence in that reader, using its every word and grammatical form as means of sensing the peculiar structure of the language. That sentence became a sort of password among the few students in the class, and I remember it still: "My brother has a farm to which I often go down, for the road is not long that leads from Athens to Sunion." Many years after that, while I was in the State Department, I had occasion to be in Athens. One evening one of the attachees at the embassy suggested that we drive out to the country to have dinner at a farmhouse. We did, and a few miles from the city, we came to a fork in the road and a signpost, pointing one way to Marathon and the other to Sunion. Here I was, truly at last on my way to that long-imagined farm on the road from Athens to Sunion. We sat that Aegean December evening at an out-of-doors table in an orange-grove, finishing our meal with walnuts and honey, taken from the bees of Mount Hymmetos which towered over us. It was the same honey Homer had celebrated.

It was an evening to evoke images of the past, but my mind ran back not to the Athens itself of Pericles and Euripides, but rather to that recreated world of Greece that I found in a North Carolina village, twenty years and half a world away, spun for us by the magic of one teacher. It is true, I discovered, that that road is indeed not long that leads from Athens to Sunion. And the road is not long either, no matter across how many miles and how many years it reaches, that leads back to this place, to Chapel Hill.

It would not be easy for those who came in the last twenty years to realize what Chapel Hill and the University were like in the early 1930's. There were fewer than 3,000 students; indeed fewer than 2,500 survived the worst of the depression and the closing of the banks to be on the campus when the class of 1933 graduated. The library, which had grown rapidly throughout the 1920's, was starved in the 1930's—and we were hard put to it to maintain the essential journal subscriptions and buy the most essential new books. Full professors aspired to salaries an instructor would now reject. Students were poorer yet. There was at least no parking problem for the perhaps half a dozen cars they owned. And the triple-scoop hot-fudge sundae one of the dairies offered for a dime was a thrifty lunch for many.

For the nation as a whole, it was a gray and disintegrating time, when poverty was made more miserable by doubt and confusion. I remember Howard Odum, the head of the Sociology Department, saying once after he had come from the meeting of some governmental advisory committee that he had thought throughout the meeting that sober and responsible men must have met in just such a way and gravely opined their concern to each other and shared their fears and doubts in like words in the days that began the fall of Rome.

But it was not so in Chapel Hill. In the leanest of its times the University was kept vibrant and hopeful because it had a deep sense of purpose. One part of that purpose it had held from its founding; to open a door to that world of learning, stretching across continents and centuries, for generations of students who had been brought up in the narrow limits of Southern rural and small-town life. It is almost impossible in a day of swift and easy travel and instant communication to realize how meager was the cultural experience available in those days to young people growing up outside large cities. Television was unknown and radio a novelty; motion pictures were just beginning crude speech, art reproductions were unfaithful and expensive, music was poorly recorded in brief snatches, public library service was scanty in towns and nonexistent in villages and rural areas, paperbound books were yet to come, museums were few and distant, travel infrequent and costly.

To come to the university was to have a great gate of freedom opened. It was not alone the "sounding sea surge of



Homer", but to hear Shelley read for the first time by John Booker, to see the Playmakers, to finger a thousand-years old tablet in the Hanes Collection, to see the bare grace of calculus and analytical geometry emerge on the blackboards of Phillips Hall, to realize that in the piled stacks of the Library were the literature of the whole race and of all times. Perhaps few of the more sophisticated students of today would find this so incredibly new and fresh an awakening as did we, but I am sure that there remains the excitement of learning, *really* learning for the first time, of stretching the mind out over new kingdoms. For them, as it was for us, I have no doubt, the library of this University remains the doorway to a time of enormous personal enrichment and growth.

But the University of the 30's had another sort of purpose as well, one that welled from the spirit of Frank Graham, newly come to its presidency, and many of his colleagues. There was a deep consciousness that it was a *state* university. Men who would never attend the University and whose sons would never attend it sacrificed for its support. Negroes chopping cotton or stripping tobacco under a brutal Southern sun were taxed part of the pittance for their labor. Farmers and storekeepers and sawmill workers and housemaids and railroad trackhands and clerks and lawyers and doctors and housewives and businessmen labored harder and spent less—when most had little indeed to spend—that the community of scholars and students at Chapel Hill might be supported in its work.

Frank Graham felt that deeply; most of us here with him did. If there was ever a University that truly belonged to all its people, this was it. And the University sought to repay that debt, not only by educating the young men and women who came to it, and by sending out teachers and books and correspondence courses to every corner of the state, but by lending its strength to the opening and sweetening and enriching the life of the state and the South.

We had lost our way in the South. Somewhere in our history we had stopped being the South of George Washington and George Mason and Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and John Marshall and Nathaniel Macon and William R. Davis and Andrew Jackson: the South had proclaimed that *all* men were created equal and were equally entitled to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that had played the key role in creating a nation conceived in that liberty and dedicated to that equal-

ity, that looked forward and outward to the morning of a great and united country. We had become instead the South of John Calhoun and George Fitzhugh and Thomas Dew and Jefferson Davis, of the fire-eating secessionists and the Ku Klux Klan, of Jim Crow and Tom Watson: the South that believed human slavery a positive good, that was willing to destroy a nation and the lives of a million men to preserve it, that even after defeat would waste its energies for generations in the tortured effort to deny the very concepts of freedom and equality on which it had led in constructing our nation. It was a South that looked backward and inward with bitterness. In this state that loss of our way took place sometime between 1832, when the Chief Justice of North Carolina, William Gaston, gave the commencement address at Chapel Hill and attacked slavery as a great evil and burden that must be eliminated as soon as possible—a speech applauded across the state—and 1856, when Benjamin Hedrick, a professor of this University, was dismissed from the faculty and in effect driven from the state because he told a questioner he intended to vote for Fremont on the Republican ticket in the Presidential election of that year.

However it was and whenever it was that we lost our way, the wrong road taken had led us past Sumter to the slaughter of Gettysburg, to Appomatox and Durham's Station, to the bitter years of the Reconstruction and to the long poverty: the eroded fields, the unpainted houses, the one-crop agriculture, the inadequate schools, the meager and deadening barrenness. We had cut ourselves off from full participation in the life of the nation in whose creation the South had played so great a part and had denied our own ideals of freedom and equality.

In the last generation, vast changes have come in this somber picture. The simple benison of prosperity has spread over most of the region, easing the harsher bitterness of poverty for most of its residents. Agriculture has been diversified and enormously increased in efficiency. A dynamic industry is rapidly growing. Education, though yet having far to go to attain national averages, is improving at a rapid pace. What H. L. Mencken a generation ago was calling "the Sahara of the Bozarts" now sparkles with cultural life and has indeed almost come to dominate contemporary American literature. Most important of all has been the rise of a forward and outward-facing realism in viewing the region's problems and moving toward its reintegration with the national life.



It is not too much to say that this hopeful forward movement in Southern life and ideas found its origin and its focus here at Chapel Hill. Particularly did the work of Howard Odum, Rupert Vance and their colleagues in the Institute for Research in Social Science have an impact on policy and thought. But throughout the University, there was an intense devotion to healing and restoring the quality of Southern life, to an economic and intellectual renaissance of the region that permeated all of its activities.

This fervor was not without its disturbing implications to some. I remember as a newly fledged alumnus, perhaps about 1934 or 1935, attending an alumni dinner at which Josephus Daniels was the speaker. Though he had a distinguished career before him as Ambassador to Mexico, he was already an elderly man of enormous dignity and presence, who could look back a generation to service as a Cabinet officer under Woodrow Wilson. He was one of those wonderful men who become more, not less, liberal as they grow older, more famous and more affluent. After Mr. Daniels' speech, one of the wealthier and more conservative alumni asked him with concern what he could say about "subversive tendencies" on the campus. Old Josephus reared himself up and said, in effect, "I don't know whether there are any subversive tendencies here or not, but surely hope there are, because there are one hell of a lot of things in this state that *need* subverting.'

And so there were. There was a lot of ignorance, and poverty, and prejudice, and injustice, and just plain backwardness that *did* need subverting. And in the midst of its own poverty, this University with a highly practical idealism, sweetened and uplifted by Frank Graham's spirit, set itself to break these shackles upon the region in every way that it could. I dare say that few universities in history have even had so zealous a devotion to the public service.

And the library, starved as it was in the 1930's, was a major resource in the University's efforts. Louis Round Wilson, himself a pioneer in the appraisal of regional research and educational needs, had built a major and highly functional institution in the University library. On its resources were based the brilliant series of studies in the economy, sociology, politics and history of the South that played so important a role in the transformation of the region.

In physical appearance, it is hard to recognize that poor little college of a generation ago in the enormous, powerful and, by the standards of these days, wealthy world institution that surrounds us today. A bewildered returning alumnus is relieved to find himself at the Old Well, where surrounded by Old East, Old West and Old South, an old grad can be reassured that something survives of his ancient days. The University has far outstripped the institution of that era in resources and in the needs and problems it confronts. It is no longer a local or state or regional institution. Like the state and the South themselves, the University has re-entered the mainstream of national life. It can never again be content to be measured by local standards, to be satisfied that it has the third best or second best or even the best department or library collection or research library in the South. It has become one of the great *national* research institutions, and it is by national, indeed by world, standards that it will be judged. In point of fact, even now the University library is one of the two dozen largest in the country. If the libraries of this University and Duke University, which collaborate so closely in their acquisitions and service, are considered as one—which for most purposes they should be—only four or five university libraries in the country are larger, and perhaps only those of Harvard and Yale are larger in ratio to the student body served. This University and its library have moved into an entirely different level of responsibility.

It was inescapable that they should. The state and the people which they serve have moved into an entirely different relation to the rest of the world. The silent movement of guerillas through the jungles of Vietnam reaches in its consequences into every county and hamlet of North Carolina; and sons of this state are buried across the face of the earth, from the Elbe to Guadalcanal as a result of the last great war. The young men and women of North Carolina, like the young men and women of every state, can play a full role in our society today only if they are familiar with a whole bewildering range of scientific and technical matters, with complex economic and political questions, with the countries of the whole globe, with newly unfolding developments of art and literature and music—and indeed only if they have mastered some chosen part of this empire of learning. Inescapably, the University can play its full role in relation to the state only if it can be sustained as a truly great national and indeed world institution.



Make no mistake about the burdens this imposes, or their cost. A meaningful university today must offer instructions in the history, languages, literature, government and economy of nations of Africa and Asia and the Slavic World, as well as of Western Europe and the Americas. It must offer extensive instruction and opportunities for research in fields of science that were unknown a generation ago. It must be prepared to study in detail social, economic, and political processes, structures and problems more complex than any that have ever before existed. The competency of the faculty and the resources of the library must extend over a far vaster domain than that of the provincial institution which Chapel Hill was in our day.

And there is an enormous difference between dealing with these areas of learning as a college and dealing with them as a university—a difference quite unrelated to size or to number of students. The difference is between the responsibility of giving young students a sound general knowledge of physics or French literature, or Russian history, or economic theory and the responsibility for training masters of these subjects and for carrying on research in them that will advance the frontiers of the world's knowledge. This latter responsibility of course requires a more specialized and distinguished faculty and far more sophisticated laboratories. But especially the responsibilities of a university require library resources of a wholly different order of magnitude from those of a college. They must embody not merely the *results* of research, but the *materials* of research, a far larger, and more diffuse domain. And, unhappily, a far more expensive one. When an institution sets out to be a true university, there can be no compromise with the responsibility for creating and sustaining a great library, with all its attendant costs.

Such a task requires, of course, concentration rather than dispersion of effort. It is one of the great weaknesses of higher education in New York, where I now live (as in a number of other northeastern states) that though the state maintains more than seventy degree-granting institutions, many of these with "University" in their title, it has never undertaken to make any one of them a great general university or to concentrate its research library holdings in one institution. The development of research library resources has been left to privately, and often inadequately supported institutions. One conse-

quence is that in the whole state of New York—as indeed in the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey or Pennsylvania—there is no state-supported research library, whose resources are available to all the people and industries of the state, at all comparable to the library North Carolina has created here at Chapel Hill. The concentration of effort here has enabled this still relatively poor state to surpass the dispersed efforts of far wealthier states. One can hardly stress too emphatically the essential importance of our recognizing the nature and the cost of a true university library, and of concentrating our efforts on its creation and maintenance.

Greatness has grown from foundations we saw laid a generation ago. All the decisions then made anticipated greatness. In the poorest days of the library, when the acquisitions budget was at its smallest, everything else was stubbornly sacrificed to maintaining the journal subscriptions appropriate to a major university library so that there would not be gaps when the library could resume its proper growth. The conception of the University's role as a pioneering center of research was never abandoned. The conviction was never lost that the University should remain a powerful force for the "subverting" in Josephus Daniels' words, of the burdens that lay upon the state.

The powerful university of today owes much to the dreams and the faith of those days. I hope it will not forget them. And if the university of our day in a physical sense could leave little to the university of today beyond a few buildings and the beginning of a greatly planned library, I hope that it has successfully bequeathed something of the zeal of that day, something of its hungry and intense devotion to a better life for all the people it served, that will remain lean and alive in the midst of this abundance and that your university can implant in its students the same passionate convictions toward their world responsibilities that Frank Graham's university offered all of us who received its gifts a generation ago.



## Portrait of a Friend

Miss Mary Edna Anders, a former student of Dr. Wilson, has generously consented to provide the *Bookmark* with this review of:

*Louis Round Wilson: Librarian and Administrator*, by Maurice F. Tauber. Foreword by Robert Maynard Hutchins. New York, Columbia University Press, 1967. 290 pages.

This biography of Dr. Wilson provides the Friends of the University of North Carolina Library with a review of the life of a friend, one who has stimulated, counseled, and served them well. The author of the biography organizes the facts of Wilson's long and productive career into fifteen chapters. The first eleven cover in more or less chronological order the events of his life beginning with a description of his family background and his boyhood in Lenoir, North Carolina. From the limited educational resources of the community of Lenoir, Wilson went to the demanding academic climate of Haverford College and, ultimately, to the University of North Carolina. Chapel Hill, with the exception of a brief interlude at the turn of the century and decade 1932-1942, became his home.

While still a youngster in Lenoir, Wilson worked for the local paper, setting type and performing related tasks. At Haverford he served as a student assistant in the college library. Upon completion of his degree at the University of North Carolina in 1899, he taught for two years in private schools and began work on a master's degree. In 1901 an invitation to return to Chapel Hill to head the University's Library interrupted his teaching career. Although he chose librarianship and has practiced it with unusual distinction, he has for much of his life also been directly involved in teaching and the world of the press. The return to the University of North Carolina enabled him to pursue his graduate study on a part-time basis while he managed the library. He was, thus, able to complete his master's degree in 1902 and his Ph.D. in 1905.

The profession of library science and Wilson were about the same age. He had to educate himself in the practice of librarianship in a period when professional literature consisted of only a few manuals and articles. He had formulated a personal philosophy of librarianship and a definition of the proper

role of libraries long before such matters were accorded any extended attention in library literature. It can be truly said that in terms of collection, organization, procedures, physical plant, and tradition of service he established the great research library at the University of North Carolina. While so doing he became a spokesman for all libraries, whether they be school, public, or university. Working with associations, foundations, and governmental agencies, he helped to secure the establishment of libraries where there had been none. He assisted in the obtaining of additional financial support for library service and emphasized the need for library schools. A leader in the movement to develop library service, he worked at state, regional, national and ultimately, international levels. He also stimulated the formation of the Friends of the Library of the University of North Carolina.

At Chapel Hill, Wilson did not by any means restrict his activities to the establishment and operation of an outstanding university library. As a member of various academic committees, he shared responsibility for major building projects and participated in the planning for the consolidated university. Always he remained alert to the needs and potentials of the University and never hesitated to call them to the attention of administrative officials at appropriate times. But more than this, he pioneered in establishing the service function of the University. He assisted the committee that investigated the possibility of establishing an extension program, later became chairman of the committee, and in 1912-13 planned the organization of the Bureau of Extension. Wilson also played a leading role in the creation of the University Press and served as its first director. For three decades he was involved in virtually every phase of life at the University of North Carolina. He stimulated, prodded, questioned and worked for the University of North Carolina, not just the Library of the University.

In 1931 he was asked to come to the University of Chicago to direct the Graduate School of Library Science. He had declined such an invitation in 1926; this time he accepted, and in 1932 he and his family moved to Chicago. The Library School was floundering and its reputation was clouded. In one brief decade Wilson helped to develop a graduate program in library science that stimulated and affected the entire profession. Many of today's leading librarians were students at the Graduate Library School during the Wilson era.



When he retired from the University of Chicago in 1942, Wilson returned to Chapel Hill. He taught for eighteen additional years in the Library School and has carried major responsibility for some special programs such as the Sesquicentennial Celebration of the University. During this time he has served as consultant and advisor to the various administrative officials of the University. This he still does in spite of the fact that he has reduced his activity considerably.

The last four chapters of this biography describe Wilson the author, the educator, the surveyor, and the educational statesman. These chapters bring together and expand upon some of his activities that are identified in earlier portions of the book. Following the text, the biography presents in Appendix A a bibliography of Wilson's published works and a selection from his unpublished papers. The bibliography covers more than twenty pages. Appendix B provides a brief chronology of developments in the University of North Carolina Library, 1901-1932.

The biography was written by Maurice F. Tauber, a former student, a co-author, an associate, and a close personal friend of Wilson's. Tauber organizes and records the facts of Wilson's life so that his multifarious accomplishments are properly displayed. Those of us who are friends of Wilson will not be completely satisfied with the presentation. We want the biography to reveal the man we know and to identify the influence he has exerted on us personally. Wilson, however, had served his friends in too many ways for any one biographer to capture in a single volume the impact he had made on so many lives. Tauber has recorded the facts and outlined the framework of Wilson's life. At appropriate points he interweaves references to Wilson's family, to his personality, to his likes, and to his dislikes. In 244 pages Tauber could do little more.

What his friends want most now may be the publication of a very subjective and personal essay that will ignore his professional accomplishments completely, concentrating instead on Wilson the man. The proposed essay could not appropriately have been included in this volume. It should cover the pleasure of listening to a Wilson story, particularly one in which he makes use of his marvelous talent for mimicry. It must capture his delightful sense of humor. It will dwell upon the stimulation of discussing with Wilson a problem or plans for the future. It will picture a man of integrity who

knows how to negotiate, maneuver, and replan to achieve a goal without compromising ideals. It will reveal his kind and warm and very modest manner. These characteristics and qualities are recorded by Tauber, but they are dwarfed by the magnitude of Wilson's accomplishments. His friends view these accomplishments with admiration and pride, but their affection goes to Wilson the man.

Tauber has rightly emphasized activities and accomplishments. By so doing he has produced a volume that can be used by many individuals. It offers a splendid survey to any student of cultural and educational developments in the Southeast. For a person working with the history of university presses, extension programs, foundation activities, secondary school standards, or adult education the biography can serve as a useful reference. Obviously, however, the volume will make its greatest contribution to the literature of librarianship.

Based on careful research and planning, the biography presents a factual, objective, and restrained portrait of its subject. Considering the amount of valuable detail he includes, Tauber has produced a surprisingly readable book. It, thus, becomes an appropriate measure of the contributions of Louis Round Wilson, a librarian, an administrator, and a great man.



# Report of the Chairman

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

The Executive Committee of the Friends of the Library met on April 20th to discuss planning for the forthcoming annual meeting and to plan for the year's activities. The Chairman, Mr. Frank Borden Hanes, proposed an aggressive campaign to achieve full funding of the Special Collections Building at an early date. He proposes to initiate an Advisory Committee of old and new Friends to take this objective as their basic program. To this Committee he would invite such leading campaigners as Collier Cobb, Henry Weil, Thomas S. Kenan III, Luther Hodges, Jr., Mrs. Kay Kyser, James Hanes. This project is to be studied over the summer and possibly set up by fall.

In keeping with the aim of the Friends to promote the service of the Special Collections, it was agreed that funds currently in hand and those which can be obtained through the new Committee will be assigned to the purpose of assuring the building of an alcove, as a minimum, within the proposed Special Collections Building. This alcove will bear a dedicatory plaque, which will represent the continuing concern of the Friends of the Library in its work. At the present time, there is approximately \$10,000 which can be made available for this purpose. This is the base upon which the new Committee will build.

It is anticipated that the Chairman will bring together this Advisory Committee as soon as possible after the opening of the school year.

For the *Chairman*, FRANK BORDEN HANES

by the *Secretary*, JERROLD ORNE

# Report of the Secretary

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

This past year has followed the usual pattern for the Friends of the Library. We have lost some distinguished members and gained others. Our membership has not changed greatly in numbers nor has its quality diminished. It is with considerable regret that we here note the loss of the following from membership of long standing: Miss Nan Clark, Mrs. Mary Patterson Fisher, Dr. Glen Haydon, Mr. Alfred W. Haywood, Mrs. Gregory Paine, Dr. W. W. Pierson, Miss Nellie Roberson, Mrs. Charles W. Stanford and Mr. A. Hamilton Wood.

A number of our busiest members have sent their regrets since they are unable to attend this meeting, either because of earlier commitments or simple facts of distance and time. They have asked me to give you their best wishes for the enjoyment of this meeting. Notes have been received from Governor Dan Moore, Dr. Frank Porter Graham, Dr. Joseph E. Pogue, Mrs. James Boyd, Mr. Frank Kenan, Miss Gertrude Weil, Mr. John Steelman, Mr. George M. Stephens, Mrs. Grace Kehaya and Mrs. George MacNeill.

I will use only a few words to tell you about the state of the library since our annual report will come to you after July 1, with far more complete data than I could give you here. We are delighted to be able to report that the Undergraduate Library is well into its construction and we believe we will be in it by September 1968 at the latest. We may even be able to give you a preview of it at our meeting a year from now. We are again making determined plans to find a way to secure funding for the Special Collections Library which remains our nearest and dearest goal. You will all be hearing more about this before long. Just as the University expands and increases its services to the state, our library must also grow. The University has been most generous in providing for the needs of the library to enable us to do our part as we should. This year we have had most valued materials given to us by some of the Friends and better funding by the Friends. We have had considerable additions to the mystery story collection and have the devoted interest of two of the leading writers in this field in the development of our collection. While we have not had



very considerable additions to the Arthur Palmer Hudson Collection of Folklore as yet, we are aware that there is a good deal of external activity directed towards this field, and we are confident that in the near future it will be greatly expanded.

Our Chairman, who is not able to be with us for this meeting, has asked me to express his regret. His absence is due entirely to our problems of scheduling, of finding a time when all of the key people can be present. He has developed his thoughts on planning with the Executive Committee and will no doubt have something to say about it in the forthcoming *Bookmark*. I urge you to be on the lookout for this. It will surely bring you a message of great interest.

JERROLD ORNE

*Secretary*

A typographical error on page 18 of the BOOKMARK's thirty-sixth issue should not go uncorrected. The third sentence in the first paragraph should read:

Professor Hudson's gift has stimulated the establishment of a North Carolina Archive of Folklore and Music, of which his materials form the nuclear collection.

# Report of the Nominating Committee

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

The Nominating Committee submits the following slate of officers for the year 1967-1968:

*For Chairman:* Mr. Frank Borden Hanes.

*For Vice-Chairman* for a three year term replacing Mr. James G. Kenan, whose term expires this month, Mr. William H. Ruffin.

*For Secretary:* Dr. Jerrold Orne.

*For Treasurer:* Mr. James A. Williams.

*Honorary Chairman:* Mr. James G. Hanes.

*Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten.

It is a pleasure for the Committee to nominate for Life Membership the following persons who have made generous contributions of manuscripts, books and funds to the University Library:

Mrs. Loren C. MacKinney

Mrs. William Whatley Pierson

Mr. Gordon Gray

Professor John N. Couch

Respectfully submitted,

CLIFFORD P. LYONS

W. LEON WILEY

LAWRENCE F. LONDON, *Chairman*



# Report of the Treasurer

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

*Fund Balance*      April 13, 1966      \$ 6,843.42

*Receipts:*

Donations by members      5,205.00

*Expenditures:*      \$12,048.42

Selected Papers L. R. Wilson      \$ 540.75

Printing      31.13

Library Books      232.01

Annual Dinner (1966)      534.33

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\$1,338.22      1,338.22

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*Fund Balance*      April 30, 1967      \$10,710.20

Submitted April 30, 1967

J. A. WILLIAMS

*Treasurer*

A SELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVE GIFTS  
RECEIVED FROM FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY  
SINCE MAY 1966

Miss Gertrude Weil, of Goldsboro, North Carolina, a generous and longtime friend of the Library, has made it possible for the University to purchase the library of the late Dr. Berthold Louis Ullman. This valuable collection, built up through the years by one of America's great classical scholars, is an outstanding addition to the Library's resources for teaching and research in the classics. It contains 3,717 volumes, including six incunabula, sixty-seven titles printed before 1600 and one hundred and ninety-two titles from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Among the incunabula titles are: *Summa Theologicae* of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Venice, 1495; *De Remedio* (book 2) by Petrarch. Cremona, 1492; and *Comoediae* of Terence. Venice, 1480.

Horace is the author best represented in the collection with more than three hundred editions of his works. Other Latin authors of the classical period who are represented by more than 30 editions of their writings are: Ovid, Vergil, Catullus, Cicero, Juvenal, Livy, Tibullus, Caesar, Platus and Tacitus.

The largest section of the collection consists of books published in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In addition to modern editions of the classics there are many critical and biographical studies.

Mrs. Loren C. MacKinney has presented the Library two bound manuscripts in memory of her husband, the late Dr. Loren C. MacKinney, Professor of Medieval History in the University of North Carolina, 1930-1963. The more significant of these manuscripts was written in either North Castile or Navarre in 1173. It is composed of treatises on theological subjects by Isidore of Seville, Saint Augustine, and Prosper of Aquitaine.

The manuscript contains 272 vellum leaves written in a fine hand with a beautifully illuminated initial on each leaf. One of its most notable features is that it is definitely dated on the last leaf of the text. The manuscript is of importance to scholars for its paleographic interest and for its content.



The second of the two manuscripts presented by Mrs. MacKinney is a record written in Spanish of certain litigations concerning inhabitants of Villa Nueva de la Serena. It was witnessed and dated on May 10, 1586. The manuscript contains 66 vellum leaves with a full page frontispiece in several colors and a miniature portrait of Philip II of Spain. There are also fourteen large initials illuminated in gold and purple.

The Latin-American collections of our library were greatly strengthened by the gift of two hundred and thirty volumes in political science and history, chiefly relating to Venezuela, by Mrs. Whatley Pierson. Professor Pierson had given the library numerous books during his years in Chapel Hill. Mrs. Pierson felt that he would want these to take their proper place beside the others.

The Library's collection of mystery and detective stories has received an important addition through the gift of Captain Harry Handly Caldwell, U.S.N. Captain Caldwell, who is stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, visited the University this spring with his family. While here he made a tour of the Library and examined the mystery collection.

Captain Caldwell's gift consists of 231 titles of which 163 are first editions. The collection, which was made by his parents, is composed of books published between the years 1920-1935. In transferring the collection to the University Captain Caldwell wrote: "I am most gratified these books have come to rest in such inspiring surroundings where they may be used by both the serious scholar and the mystery buff."

An interesting example of how inflation has affected the book trade is found in a volume presented to the University Library by Dr. Francis Harper in 1960. Dr. Harper is an eminent scholar in the field of vertebrate zoology and a long-time friend of the Library. Upon his retirement from teaching and research he moved to Chapel Hill where he now lives.

The book he gave the Library is a first edition of Linnaeus's *Classes Plantarum seu Systemata Plantarum*, published at Leiden, Holland in 1738. Dr. Harper says that he purchased the work from a book shop in Lyons, France in 1919 for three francs. This summer a copy of the first edition of Linnaeus's classic was advertised for sale in Stechert-Hafner's catalogue for \$2,500. The Harper copy is even more valuable since it once belonged to the French naturalist, Buffon, bearing his signature on the title-page. Valuable gifts such as this from

Friends have through the years contributed greatly to our Library's excellence.

During the past year the Southern Historical Collection has added a number of significant groups of papers.

Personal correspondence and notebooks of Gerschel V. Johnson (1894-1966), lifelong foreign service officer and United States Representative to the General Assembly of the United Nations, were the gift of his sisters Mrs. Edgar A. Terrell and Mrs. Martin E. Boyer, Jr., of Charlotte, North Carolina.

Congressional files of Harold Dunbar Cooley of Nashville, North Carolina, member of Congress from 1934 to 1966, were given by Mr. Cooley.

Papers of Olive Dame Campbell, founder and operator of the John C. Campbell Folk School at Brasstown, North Carolina, were given by her niece, Miss Lois Bacon of Alexandria, Virginia.

Extensive genealogical studies relating to the Peacock family of Georgia were given by Mrs. John R. Dykers.

Manuscripts, 1806-1820, relating to Nicholas Richard Hentz (1786-1850) of the French Imperial Army, who came to the United States in 1816, were given by Dr. Baldwin L. Keyes of Philadelphia, to be added to the Hentz Family Papers.

Significant additions were made to the James Boyd Papers by Mrs. James Boyd; to the Edwin A. Bjorkman Papers by Mrs. Bjorkman; to the Dudley W. Bagley Papers by Mrs. Bagley; to the Daniel Moreau Barringer (1806-1873) Papers by Brandon Barringer; and to the Confederate Army Papers of General William Nelson Pendleton (1809-1883) by Miss Ellinor P. Gadsden.



LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDS AND OTHERS  
WHOSE GIFTS OF BOOKS AND MATERIALS HAVE  
ENRICHED THE LIBRARY'S HOLDINGS  
SINCE MAY 1966

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Miss Lois Bacon  
Mrs. H. C. Bailey  
Mrs. Dudley W. Bagley  
Brandon Barringer  
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C. Ritchie Bell  
Edward Bernard  
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Mrs. Edwin A. Bjorkman  
Walter Blackstock  
J. C. D. Blaine  
Richmond P. Bond  
Mrs. Herbert C. Bonner  
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Frederick P. Brooks  
Mrs. B. H. Brown  
Bruce K. Brown  
William Butler  
Dr. Caroline I. Buttrick  
Joseph P. Cacossa  
Mrs. E. A. Cameron  
Mrs. Frederick A. Camp  
Chester and Dorris Carlson  
John Dickson Carr  
Douglas Carroll  
Mrs. Margaret Scruggs Carruth  
Claude John Cheek  
Mrs. James McClure Clarke  
Mrs. Albert Coates  
Frederick E. Coenen  
Robert E. Coker  
Mrs. Dorothy Meares Coleman

Charles E. Connelly  
Mrs. Otelia Connor  
Miss Caroline P. Constable  
Harold D. Cooley  
Mrs. Hal B. Cooper  
Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten  
John N. Couch  
Hardin Craig  
James Crouch  
Victor W. Crowford  
Jonathan Daniels  
Luis Dao  
Chalmers Davidson  
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Mrs. Olive W. Driver  
Mrs. John R. Dykers  
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Henry Field  
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Philip R. Goldstein  
W. E. Goode  
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Fletcher Green  
Paul Green  
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Miss Louise McG. Hall  
Gordon Hanes  
Mrs. H. S. Harned  
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Karel Holbik  
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Mrs. Paul McAnally  
James McK. McDiarmid  
Roy McKnight  
Malcolm C. McMillan  
Francis Marion Manning  
Thomas Yancy Milburn  
Miss Judy Tate Morgan  
Thomas A. Morgan  
J. William Myers  
Stuart Noblin  
Henri G. Noordberg  
Jerrold Orne  
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E. D. Palmatier  
John Crump Parker  
Samuel W. Patterson  
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Rex Stout  
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Miss Sade C. Styron  
Alexander Tarassor  
Edgar A. Terrell, Jr.  
Mrs. Edgar A. Terrell  
Cornelius Dickinson Thomas  
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Gary Tucker  
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Wesley H. Wallace  
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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

Editor: LAWRENCE F. LONDON

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# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

September, 1968



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# UNC DETECTIVE COLLECTION

By MARY S. CAMERON

Some four years ago, the University of North Carolina Library acquired a well chosen collection of approximately 3,500 titles in the field of the British and American detective novel, suspense, fantasy, and crime story. Certain faculty members of the English department became aware of the availability of the collection and strongly advised its purchase. Fortunately, as pointed out by the Librarian, a special fund was available not only to implement this initial purchase, but most importantly, to support its future growth and development.

This acquisition put the library in the company of other fine university and college libraries having materials in the detective field for scholarly research. These include the Ellery Queen Collection at the University of Texas, the Guymon Collection at Occidental College, the Sandoe Collection at Brigham Young University, and the John Carter-Scribner Collection in the Lilly Library at the University of Indiana.

The core of the original collection was primarily in the field of the short story and principally British. However, the overall policy of acquisition has long since included the full length American and British detective novel and, indeed, the emphasis has shifted to this form.

Today, the collection numbers something in excess of 4,000 volumes and its variety is considerable. To quote from the preface of a list of wanted titles published by the library in 1966: "The problem of definition has been skirted at this stage: the detective story, the mystery, the spy novel, the crime story—all find their place here because the author is the focal point."

This catholic inclusion is a happy one both for the scholar and researcher, as well as for the interested amateur collector. The shuddery charm of Bram Stoker's Count Dracula may be a very long way from Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade, but both are facets in this curious jewel of literary endeavor and for the serious student, for whom this collection is intended, all possible examples of the genre, within reason, have a place in it.

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\*Mary S. Cameron, wife of U.N.C. mathematics professor, Edward A. Cameron, is an avid collector of detective fiction. Her particular interest is Sherlock Holmes in which field she has assembled a distinguished collection.



Those authors whose literary reputations are well established and widely known, including the great Edgar Allen Poe, are naturally well represented on the shelves of a large university library. Such authors, of course, wrote widely and more often than not, chiefly in other fields, but their flights into detection are always of interest and generally of a calibre to their best work.

Acquisitions have centered around the complete work of the author, as has been previously suggested, and this results in long runs of E. Phillips Oppenheim, over 150 volumes of Edgar Wallace, and numerous tomes of Fergus Hume and William LeQueux. With the exception of Wallace's books, the general public no longer reads these books, but the full output of these prolific authors belongs in such a collection.

Detective novels written after 1961 or thereabouts have have been acquired at a very highly selective rate, being chiefly the work of such obvious greats in the field as Agatha Christie, Rex Stout, Margery Allingham, John Dickson Carr, and Ellery Queen to pick a random few. This is not to say that relative newcomers such as Stanley Ellin or Harry Kemelman are not on the shelves, but that the present policy is to wait a bit for some critical perspective on the flood of books being published each year.

There are rarities and oddities, of course, and it may be of interest to name a few of them. Chesterton's Father Brown is present in first editions of *The Innocence*, *The Wisdom*, *The Incredulity*, *The Secret*, and *The Scandal of Father Brown*, respectively, all boxed in handsome one-half red morocco to simulate a uniformly bound row of volumes. A little known tale by Mark Twain: *A Murder, a Mystery, and a Marriage* is here in a first privately printed and severely limited edition of 16 copies, published by Manuscript House in 1945. And the 3-volume set of *Dreamland and Ghostland: An Original Collection of Tales and Warnings from the Borderland of Substance and Shadow*, with the Alain de Suzannet heraldic bookplate, are of interest because they contain several early stories of Conan Doyle and were therefore a source of bibliographic information. These volumes were published in London by George Redway in (1887) and are very difficult to come by.

In a rather special field of interest, that of Sherlock Holmes, there is a small gray volume, with vellum spine, and in boards, entitled *Sherlock Holmes: The Adventure of the*

*Dying Detective*. This little book is the first appearance in book form (it appeared later in *His Last Bow* in 1917) of "The Dying Detective" and was issued by the Advertising Department of "Collier's" as a Christmas gift for the year 1913. It is scarce, and a true collector's item.

A fine copy of Grant Allen's *Hilda Wade*, published in 1900, has tipped in it a letter from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his hand and initialed by his secretary, Major Wood. It shows the characteristic modesty and kindness of Sherlock Holmes' creator or literary agent, as you will. He states, in answer to an inquiry, in regard to the completion of Allen's *Hilda Wade* that he wrote "two or three final chapters." What he failed to state was that he completed Allen's book as a comfort to a dying friend and neighbor.

It would be impossible within the scope of this article to do anything but mention a few other volumes chosen quite arbitrarily: Ernest Bramah's *The Eyes of Max Carrados*, London: Richards, 1923; privately bound volumes of H. C. Bailey's Reggie Fortune stories excerpted from "The Windsor Magazine" in 1935 and 1938; the scarce paperback printed in London by Alston Rivers in 1905 which is Arnold Bennett's *The Loot of Cities*; Eden Phillpott's *My Adventure in the Flying Scotsman*, London; James Hogg, 1888, this author's first mystery, flimsily bound and exceeding scarce; the story of Astro, the fake palmist in *The Master of Mysteries*, Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1912, whose author is revealed by a cipher (the first letters of the first words of the stories read "THE AUTHOR IS GELETT BURGESS"); and to go back into the 19th Century, a famous old title modestly bound in modern black buckram, whose title page reads as follows: One Hundredth/ Thousand/ A Sensational Novel/ The Mystery/ of a Hansom Cab/ By/Fergus W. Hume,/ Melbourne, Australia/—A Startling and Realistic Story of Melbourne/ Social Life/—London, The Hansom Cab Publishing Co.,/ 60 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

*The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* with its complicated bibliographical and publishing history and the rather sad and lonely life of the author, Fergus Hume, will no doubt furnish a fascinating and informative topic for some future scholar to explore. This runaway bestseller was written by a young barrister's clerk in Melbourne in the year 1886, and sold at a shilling a copy. Later, it was taken over by a company of



speculators calling themselves "The Hansom Cab Publishing Company" and to them Hume sold all his rights for a paltry £50! The publication of the book was moved to London and ultimately thousands and thousands of copies, possibly half a million, were sold. And what of the young author? In his early twenties he was suddenly lionized and entertained, but never again was he to repeat his success, although he wrote some 138 thrillers. In 1932, he died at the age of 73, almost destitute, in Thundersley, Essex. Although he lived and ate alone in a single room, obviously he had friends in the village of Thundersley as the several inscribed volumes in the collection testify.

For instance, the *Caravan Mystery*, London: Hurst & Blackett, n.d., bears on the flyleaf "To my dear little god-daughter Ursula. With much love, Fergus Hume," and her name is pencilled on the leaf bearing the inked presentation inscription of *The Fatal Song*, London: White, 1905, "To P. Leigh with kind regards F. Hume. Thundersley 13 Oct. 1905."

The Detective Collection is fortunate in owning two copies this now little-known, but once avidly read, early mystery. The second copy is headed "Three Hundredth Thousandth" and is in the original publisher's binding. Mr. Eric S. Bell's erudite notes on the subject in Glover-Greene's *Victorian Detective Fiction* indicate that the first copy is the 8th impression of the second edition; an impressively early copy.

For the student and non-expert lover of the genre alike, there are the wonderful pictorial covers of detective works published in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. From these book covers mysterious heroines sometimes pointing a pistol and *sometimes* having a pistol pointed at them, sinister Orientals, equally sinister scientists in elaborate laboratories, villains and heroes both impeccably clad in evening clothes and top hats of an age more formal than ours, haunted or stern faces peering from fog-entwined hansoms, "bobbies" shining rays from their dark lanterns on recumbent figures, all make an appealing display of crime and detection, and incidentally of book design of the past. They form a great contrast to the modern detective stories, most of which are in paper dust wrappers, side by side on the shelf.

The very considerable interest evidenced in our time in early motor cars would be enlarged by the treasure trove of pictorial bindings and illustrations, as well as the surprisingly many plots having a combination of detective interest and

early motoring. In the novels of C. N. and A. M. Williamson, the motor car is often as of much interest as the detectival strain! In the collection one might mention, almost at random, T. H. Hanshaw's *Cleek's Government Cases* showing the debonair Mr. Cleek emerging from a still-moving car, or Harris Burland's *The Black Motor-car*, London: Grant Richards, 1906, with an exciting cover picture of an early brass-trimmed car whose two passengers and chauffeur all wear goggles to fend off the wind as the car streaks through the night, presumably at a dare-devil speed of 30 miles per hour! *The Mystery of a Motor Cab*, London: Everett & Co., 1909, and Charles Carey's *The Motor Cracksman*, London: Unwin, 1905 are two additional titles replete with excellent illustrations and references to old cars.

As the American, Edgar Allen Poe, was indisputably the inventor of the detective short story, so Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlf), also an American, was the first woman anywhere to write detective stories and novels. The daughter of a lawyer, she was well versed in legal background and her first, and probably best detective novel, *The Leavenworth Case* (1878) is said to have been used as a text in Yale University to show the fallacy of circumstantial evidence. She continued to write over a very long span of years and issued a voluminous outpouring of detective novels and short stories with rather good plots, but written in language too stilted for most modern readers. Her position historically is an important one and she is well represented in the collection.

Historic "Female Detectives" are happily rather few in number, but these supposedly frail and awesome ladies find their place on the shelves and among them is simply a "Mrs. Paschal" working under the title *The Experiences of a Lady Detective*, by the author of *The Soiled Dove*, *The Beautiful Demon*, etc., London: Charles Henry Clarke, 1861. This unsoiled dove was the first of several and many better ferrets including M. McDonnell Bodkin's *Dora Myrl; the Lady Detective*, London: Chatto & Windus, 1900, shown on the cover dauntlessly pedalling her bicycle alone under the stars; *The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective* by C. L. Pirkis, London: Hutchinson, 1894 (Loveday was a true lady); George R. Sim's *Dorcas Dene, Detective*, London: White, 1897, followed Loveday and the Baroness Orozy's *Lady Molly of Scotland Yard*, London: Cassell, 1910, leads up to the not



inconsiderable modern women engaged in tracking down the criminal.

One could go on and on, but final mention might be made of an old oddity entitled *The Mysterious Murder; or, the Ursuper of Naples*. "An original romance (of 21 pages!) by Isaac Crookenden" this tale is mercifully short. It was published in New York at No. 61, Bowery in the year 1827 by one William Whale.

There are, of course, numerous anthologies, important studies of the history and technique of writing detective stories, and some letters and biographical material concerning the authors represented in the collection.

The University of North Carolina Library Detective Collection is kept together as such, and of a necessity does not circulate, in common with other rare books, but it is readily available for study and examination by students of the genre and those who have a sincere interest in the subject. So come and look at Vidocq, "Old Sleuth," Craig Kennedy, or Dr. Thorndyke in lurid pictorial covers or a more sedate binding of a modern age as your interest and taste dictates! The Library makes no claim that at present the collection is a definitive one, but it is a fine and interesting source for serious study and will be constantly improved as opportunity affords. Its high aim is to eventually acquire all worthwhile American and British mysteries in the first edition. Consider what lucky fellows those future candidates for the doctorate in "The History of the Detective Novel" will be!

# JOHN DICKSON CARR

(introduction by C. Hugh Holman)

As a life-long and devoted reader of detective stories, I cannot imagine a greater pleasure than that of introducing the man who is the undisputed master of the straight puzzle story, the greatest contriver of impossible crimes and committer of murders in hermetically sealed rooms, and the creator of two of the master detectives of all time, Dr. Gideon Fell and, for my money, the supreme master, "the old man himself," Sir Henry Merrivale.

In my mind's eye at least, our speaker comes compassed about by an invisible cloud of witnesses. Around him hangs the aura of Edgar Allan Poe, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Gilbert K. Chesterton. Within him is a satanic brew of witchcraft and black magic and an ingenious and fiendishly logical mind.

John Dickson Carr was born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania in 1906, the son of a man who later became a Congressman and took him to Washington, where he associated with politicians and statesmen as a boy. Perhaps it was from them that he learned some of his more devious ways. He attended the Hill School and Haverford College, but he deserted the study of law for the practice of journalism and the exploration of crime. He made his home in England from 1931 to 1948, and there he married the charming English lady whose presence graces this gathering. In 1930 he began writing detective stories which combined a feeling for the macabre, a sense of humor, a flair for complex plots, and an impeccable honesty in the playing of an intellectual game with the reader. *It Walks By Night* was the first of over seventy novels. Early ones had a French detective Bercolin and leaned toward the logical explanation of the horrible. Then came Dr. Gideon Fell, of the harrumphing exclamations, the shovel-hat, and vast esoteric knowledge. As Carter Dickson he invented the wondrous Sir Henry Merrivale. These two sleuths have aided their creator in bamboozling more readers, I suspect, than any other man who ever set pen to paper. We all have our favorites; mine are *The Three Coffins*, *The Burning Court*, *The White Priory Murders*, and that book with the wonderful title, *The Blind Barber*.



Mr. Carr is also a student of history and a scholar—in fact, one suspects that there are some autobiographical overtones to his many young American historians who go to England and fall in love with charming English maidens. In *The Murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey* he made a magnificent reconstruction of the famed Popish plot from 17th century English history. In *The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle*, he wrote an excellent biography of the creator of Sherlock Holmes. And in several historical detective stories, he has explored the details of British history.

He is now making his home in Greenville, S.C., and his latest Dr. Fell adventure, *The Dark of the Moon*, is laid in Charleston. I envy those of you who still have the pleasure of reading it for the first time and assure you that the Great Maestro has lost none of his skill or the hand of his creator any of its cunning. Recently he has been helping with our collection of detective fiction in the Library.

Mr. Carr is a member and former officer of the English Detection Club, which puts a high premium on craftsmanship and playing by rigorously logical rules. For the writing of fine detective stories—what Philip Guedalla once called “the normal recreation of noble minds”—is an art and a most demanding one. As Mr. Carr himself once said of detective fiction, “[it] dares many hazards, . . . wears a fool’s cap and dares to play the fool before high heaven; but it never dares to be artistically wrong.”

As we have long known to our delight, John Dickson Carr has met that high challenge with grace, humor, ingenuity and success. We are privileged to have him here tonight.

## JOHN DICKSON CARR

Dr. Orne, Dr. Holman, ladies and gentlemen of the Library Association: my deepest thanks for that too generous introduction. It is customary for a speaker to say, if only from motives of politeness, that he is pleased to be here. In this case accept my assurance that the statement is anything but a mere courtesy or formal words. As you have heard, I am no stranger to Chapel Hill or the Library. I've had the pleasure of advising my friend Dr. Orne about the detective story collection and even of contributing to it. I speak to you tonight as one who had been improving his mind with sensational fiction for fifty years. For thirty-eight of those years, I have turned out sensational fiction myself, writing, as you have heard, for the most part in England because that was where I made my home and that was the background I knew.

In considering what I should say to you here, perhaps under some such title as "Culprit confesses" or "How to Write a Detective Story," I find myself thinking back to the origins of this type of fiction and how the genre began. It is not necessary to remind this audience, of all people, that it began with our own Edgar Allan Poe and with a story called "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" which appeared in *Graham's Magazine* in Philadelphia in April of 1841.

Let's first look at a popular modern fallacy. It has become the habit of critics to say that between 1841 and 1845, Poe wrote three stories of crime and detection; "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," and "The Purloined Letter." In those stories he outlined and established nearly every device which later became a part of the detective story: the bungling police as opposed to the brilliant amateur or the private detective; the unusual type of problem including that of the hermetically sealed room; above all, complete fair play in presenting the clues, since the reader knows as much as the detective and can work out the solution for himself. It has become the habit of critics to make this pronouncement, and like so many critical pronouncements, it is not true, or, if it is not entirely untrue, it is at least false and misleading in many respects. Poe did invent the hermetically sealed room, in which you remember, the old woman and her daughter are brutally murdered by an escaped orangutang. Anyone who takes the trouble to reread "The Murders in the



Rue Morgue," however, will discover that the sealed room is not sealed at all, since the nail securing one window is only a dummy.

Descending with some abruptness from the sublime to the ridiculous, from Poe to your immediate servant, I have been guilty of perpetuating more than one novel which depends upon the impossible situation and/or the sealed room. If at any time in the past I had allowed the detective to explain that the locked room was not really locked, having a trick window which could be used for convenient entrance or exit, I am personally acquainted with a number of people who would poison me with curare and dance on my grave. Honesty compels the admission that they would be right to do so.

Omitting for the moment "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," which was merely the reconstruction of a real life case, we find that neither in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" nor "The Purloined Letter" did Poe allow his detective Dupin to play fair with the evidence. In the first story, Dupin is already explaining the murders before we learn about the tuft of animal hair held by one victim, before we are told about the greasy bit of ribbon found at the foot of the lightning rod (a very important clue) or, in fact, before we are told about the lightning rod itself. In "The Purloined Letter," despite the brilliant plot device of hiding a thing by leaving it in plain sight, we have come almost to the end of the story before we get any outward description of the famous letter.

But let's be fair to Poe. The father of the detective story must not be called offside in a game he himself invented. His real contributions are: the wrongly accused suspect; the least likely character who turns out to be the murderer; scrupulous fair play with regard to presenting the clues; and finally, the identity of the culprit established by a sensational trick at the end. In the three stories most often mentioned by critics, he did not do what the critics said he did, although there is one remaining story in which he did do all of that and more. This story is called "Thou Art the Man" and was published in 1844. Take down the book and reread it. Even apart from the fairness of the clues you will have little difficulty in spotting the murderer almost at once. To the jaundiced and over-sophisticated eye of the present day, any too hardy, too kindly character called Old Charley Goodfellow is bound

to be a villain of the deepest dye. It seems to prove that readers in 1844 were less alert, less jaundiced, and less suspicious than we are today. However, you will find those rules laid out in this story, in which Poe established for all time the form which fiction takes at the present day. The story is told in the first person. This is another invention of Poe. How many, many novels have we read today in which the detective tells his own story in the first person? Not as the humble Watson, but as the man who solves the mystery. Since this is often the hardboiled type of story in which the deliberate bad manners and spit-in-your-eye style of writing of the narrator do much to put the reader off, it is well to point out that when Poe began it, he tended to put the reader off by a kind of ghoulish facetiousness in the writing. That ghoulish facetiousness strikes through today, and it mars the story a little. It is the reason why you never hear "Thou Art the Man" mentioned. In fact, I have never seen it in an anthology, but the story is around and is worth rereading.

What mars "Thou Art the Man" in fact is the ending. The narrator, who has told the story, setting out all the clues by which he had determined the guilt of Old Charley Goodfellow decides that he will do it by a sensational trick. We know that earlier in the story Mr. Barnabas Shuttleworthy, who has disappeared and is presumed dead (which, in fact, is true) had promised Old Charley Goodfellow a big box of his favorite wine, a box of six dozen bottles. The ne'er do-well nephew of Mr. Shuttleworthy is under arrest for his murder. At the end of the story, which dares dangerously close to sheer farce and is not tragedy at all, a huge box is brought in. This apparently is from the late Barnabas Shuttleworthy and has been sent to Old Charley Goodfellow long before the former's disappearance. Old Charley, who intended to give all his guests in the room a drink, taps at the lid, and forces it up with a chisel, all of a sudden the corpse of the murdered man sits up gravely from the box, fixes a terrible eye on Old Charley Goodfellow, and utters the words "Thou art the man."

Now, what has happened is simply this, as the narrator explains. He was suspicious of Old Charley's being on the spot, always throwing suspicion on the ne'er do-well nephew, he being the person who really could have killed the man. The narrator had procured the corpse of Old Barnabas Shuttleworthy where it was hidden. He had thrust a very stiff length



of whale bone down through the corpse's mouth. He had doubled up the body in the box, and then, when the nails are released, the corpse sits up and the guilty wretch stammers out a confession.

Now we will not go into the question of whether, if this had happened in real life, the guilty wretch actually would have turned pale and stammered out a confession or whether he would have drawn himself up and said, "This is a frame up, see my lawyer." We will, however, examine the mechanics. Suppose you and I are out to establish the guilt of some guilty wretch here in the Library Association. We go out into the woods. We find the body of a murdered man. We thrust two and a half feet of whale bone down inside him. We procure a box big enough to hold six dozen bottles. We carry that here into this room. The guilty wretch prys the box open to give us all a drink. Now the question is, can we honestly expect that the corpse of the murdered man will sit up and fix its terrible eye on the villain, who will probably stammer out a confession? Shouldn't we be more likely to believe that so animated a corpse will fly into the air and bounce all over the table before it does anything else? Poe was a great writer and a brilliant innovator, but they will never try that one on the stage.

Like a child, Poe played with his new toy, the detective story, for some time and then threw it aside. There it lay unnoticed and almost unwanted until the middle 1860's when a French writer named Emile Gaboriau picked it up and wrote a number of novels. They are not proper detective novels. They tend to be in the style of French fiction—too many elaborate family chronicles in which Gaboriau sets out to strangle a victim and succeeds only in strangling the story. Nevertheless, he did make a contribution and that contribution was picked up in 1868 in England by Wilkie Collins with *The Moonstone*, the first full length, completely fair-play detective novel in the English language. It is still noteworthy today, if you go back to see that all the facts are there. Yet, because it is a good novel of character as well as a good mystery, it carries the interest to the end. And be it noted, it carries the interest without any murder. The story centers around the theft of the famous orange-yellow diamond, a story line played out today because it has been repeated too often but brilliantly new and ingenious when Collins first used it.

The detective story was picked up by lesser hands from then until the late 1880's. What happened in the late 1880's

everybody knows. A young doctor in Southsea, a suburb of Portsmouth, on the Southeast coast of England, was having difficulty with his medical practice and was supplementing his income by writing stories and novels for the magazines. This, doctor, young Arthur Conan Doyle, conceived of a story which should be built on those of Poe, and on those of Gaboriau as well. For its central character, he chose as model an old professor of his in the medical school at Edinburgh University—the surgeon, Joe Bell, who became the model of the most famous character in the English language, Sherlock Holmes.

I am the biographer of Conan Doyle mainly because his youngest son is a close friend of mine and wanted me to use all of his father's papers. When writing Doyle's biography I had access to the letters he wrote while working on Sherlock Holmes. This gave me an insight into the working of his mind at that period. It is no secret now that he came cordially to hate Sherlock Holmes. His first two novels, *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of the Four*, fell into the literary pool with scarcely a ripple. Then he moved to London, set himself up as an eye surgeon, but had such abundant leisure that he filled in the time writing stories for the *Strand Magazine*, a series of stories which later became *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. They blazed him into fame almost over night. Even the lady readers were singing a hymn of Sherlock Holmes. He had too much Holmes. Conan Doyle once confessed: "When I was a boy I was very fond of paté de fois gras. I so liked it that one day in school I stole a big tin of it and I ate the whole tin myself. I was so violently sick that even in later years I have never even been able to hear about the stuff without feeling slightly nauseated. That is the way I feel about Sherlock Holmes."

He had other work to do, historical novels, novels of his own time. Whenever he tried anything the editor said, "Look here sir, why not some more Sherlock Holmes?" until he came to writhe at the name. Even earlier at the end of the final story (and that was only the final story to the first series), he wrote a letter to his mother in which he said "I think of slaying Holmes and winding him up for good. He takes my mind from better things." It sounds like the refrain of a ballade, but it was the refrain of a ballade the author was consistently to sing. When his mother first heard this news of the impending threat to kill Holmes, she was horrified and made



him promise never to dream of such a thing again, but he did kill Holmes at the end of the next series, *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*.

He could have poisoned Queen Victoria with less public uproar than heated the time when apparently, so far as good old Watson knew, Professor Moriarty and Sherlock Holmes went reeling over to death in the Reichenbach Falls. Later he was constantly being implored to resurrect Holmes. On each occasion he would reply, "He is at the foot of the Reichenbach Falls and there he stays." Nothing could move him, apparently.

It is no good arguing about Sherlock Holmes, there he is. He is as real as the pavement of Baker Street and as unmistakable a personality as Sir Winston Churchill. Even his enemies must admit he is a great man, even when they deny he was a good detective. He stands, nobody has touched him even today, though we have all tried it. Nobody has ever touched the immortal and I should wish a moment later to say a few words about the greatness of Doctor Watson. Watson, the so-called stooge, by whose perhaps not over-brilliance the brilliance of Holmes stands out the more vividly. Before we turn to that, let us return to the fact that nobody to this day has written stories as good as those of Sherlock Holmes. Everyone now knows that Conan Doyle was persuaded to bring him back, to explain that business of the Reichenbach Falls—it was only a mistake on Watson's part—in order to get the goods on the rest of Professor Moriarty's gang. When Moriarty had fallen to his death into the falls, Holmes climbed up the almost sheer face of the rock, hid away for several years, and returned to astonish Watson by an apparent return from the grave. It was in *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* that this story was told.

Tears, threats, and curses had not moved Conan Doyle for many years, but he got curious again. He wondered if he could write about Sherlock Holmes now and once that thought enters a writer's head, it will never go again until he finds out. He wrote the new series, and occasionally, to please his second wife, (his first wife had died in 1906) he would revive the character for another story. They kept on going, you remember, the final volume, *The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes*, appeared as late as the 1920's.

Holmes still had his commanding position, but as the 1890's rolled into the new century, other writers appeared on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Holman will tell you of two

writers on this side of the Atlantic, one younger than the other. Jacques Futrelle who was an American despite his French name, whose dates may be established because he went down with the Titanic. He wrote some excellent short stories about a character called Professor S. F. Van Dusen, the Thinking Machine. They are still good stories today, even though written in only ordinary journalese, because of the brilliance of their plots. Look up for instance, "*The Problem of Cell 13*" in which the Thinking Machine makes a bet that he can think himself out of the condemned cell of a prison and does it, incidentally, nearly driving the warden crazy with his antics before he gets out.

The other American writer was Melville Davisson Post, a lawyer who lived in West Virginia and died about 1930. He wrote a number of stories about various characters: one, The Prefect of Police of Paris; another, Sir Henry Marquis of London; finally Old Uncle Abner, of the Virginia Hills before the unfortunate war of 1861-65, who comes on mysteries everywhere and solves them. If Uncle Abner is a little given to making complimentary remarks about God, he is a solid character in solid stories written by a master of English prose.

They're on this side. On the other side of the Atlantic other new names were coming up. Dr. R. Austin Freeman, who created the first scientific detective, John Thorndike; and the man who, once Conan Doyle died, reigned supreme, and the man whose name you have heard here tonight, the late and great G. K. Chesterton.

My extravagant admiration for Chesterton, which began when I first picked up the Father Brown stories at the age of fourteen, has never died to this day. There are, shall we say, certain differences between us, Chesterton once made the remark that there were only two things in life worth arguing about: religion and politics. Those are the only two things with which I could never have agreed with him. The great GKC, as everyone knows, was a Roman Catholic and a liberal. I remain, as I have always been, a protestant and a conservative. However, Chesterton is great in the little priest Father Brown, the brilliance of his plots, the superb writing which carries the reader along both by curiosity of the problem and by the strength of the situation and the characters he presents. He will hypnotize you today. I advise you to go back and read him.



In the year 1932, if I may intrude one personal word here, I went to live in England. That was the year that the man who came to be a friend of mine formed in London what would come to be known as the Detection Club, to which Dr. Holman has referred tonight. The man who founded the club was Anthony Berkeley Cox, who has written some excellent detective novels under the name of Anthony Berkeley and some fine psychological suspense stories under the name of Francis Isles. He founded the Club and since Conan Doyle was dead, invited G. K. Chesterton to become its first president, which Chesterton did. The membership was to be limited to thirty, and there were to be two qualifications by which you could enter, and only two. You must be able to write good English, and secondly you must write a proper detective story with all the clues fairly given. A special ritual and the oath were written by Dorothy Sayers, always the club's moving spirit and one of the founding members. That oath is taken by each member on the day he is initiated. I may tell you happily that I myself was invited to become a member of the Detection Club and was initiated at the annual meeting in May, 1936. That is a long time ago.

I had modeled the character of Dr. Gideon Fell on G. K. Chesterton, and although I had never met the great man, my spies informed me that he knew this. However, if you take a character from real life, you must make very sure that you never make that character do or say anything which would embarrass the living man or his friends. I had been careful to do that and my spies informed me that Chesterton was not at all displeased, and had agreed to take the chair of the Detection Club for my initiation, my sponsors being Dorothy Sayers and Anthony Berkeley.

There is nothing secret about this club. The symbol and mascot of the club is Eric the Skull, a full blown skull which my good friend John Rhode managed so that his eyes glow red with electric lights when you pressed a concealed button. The skull is carried on a black cushion, the procession carrying torches, the torches actually being church candles. When I became honorary secretary later, (which means that you do all the dirty work and always get the blame when anything goes wrong), I couldn't find any torches until I eventually ran down a Roman Catholic religious shop in Covent Garden where I got immensely tall torches that they carried for this ceremony of bearing the skull.

I well remember that night Chesterton had agreed to take the chair at the dinner. I was very proud of that. Two weeks ahead we heard that he was seriously ill. A week before we heard that he was dead. With Conan Doyle gone, there was not another writer I should have crossed the street to meet. I did want to meet Chesterton. Even though he was not there, his spirit seemed to be over the place. He used to administer the oath in a red robe as big as a tent, which is still there. Dorothy Sayers wore the robe that night.

This is the form of the initiation, which I will quote to you in conclusion. If anybody wants to know how to write a detective story, follow these rules given in the initiation and you cannot go wrong. We will imagine that the torch bearers carrying their torches, John Rhode with the skull on a black cushion approaches the president who is standing where I am now, with the following:

"What mean these lights, these ceremonies, and this reminder of man's mortality?"

"Sir, we have to present to you XY, a candidate for admission to our mystery."

"XY, is it your firm desire to become a Member of the Detection Club?"

"That is my desire."

"Do you promise that your detectives shall well and truly detect the crimes presented to them, using those wits which it may please you to bestow upon them and not placing reliance on nor making use of Divine Revelation, Feminine Intuition, Mumbo-Jumbo, Jiggery-Pokery, Coincidence or the Act of God?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly swear never to conceal a vital clue from the reader?"

"I do."

"Do you promise to observe a seemly moderation in the use of Gangs, Conspiracies, Death-Rays, Ghosts, Hypnotism, Trap-Doors, Chinamen, Super-Criminals and Lunatics; and utterly and for ever to forswear Mysterious Poisons unknown to Science?"

"I do."

"Will you honour the King's English?"

"All this I solemnly do swear. And I do furthermore promise and undertake to be loyal to the Club, neither purloining nor disclosing any plot or secret communicated to me before publication by any Member, whether under the influence of drink or otherwise."

"XY, you are duly elected a Member of the Detection Club, and if you fail to keep your promise, may other writers anticipate your plots, may your publishers do you down in your contracts, may strangers sue you for libel, may your pages swarm with misprints and may your sales continually diminish."



## Report of the Chairman

Our loyal friend and Chairman, Mr. Frank Borden Hanes, was not able to be with us for the annual meeting. In his stead Mr. Thomas S. Kenan, III, generously consented to preside. At the close of the meeting Mr. Kenan, who had been unanimously elected our new Chairman, remarked:

I am looking forward to serving in the capacity of Chairman of the Friends of the Library for the coming year. I have always felt that the real pulse beat of a university is in its library, and that a great university is judged in many respects by the quality of its library. The people who make up the Friends of the Library certainly prove stimulating to me and I look forward to my association with them.

# Report of the Secretary

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

The membership list of our Friends now numbers three hundred and twenty-five. This number takes into account the reduction of our members by relocation, by changing interest, and most grievously by loss of life. We are sadly diminished by the death of some of our nearest and dearest, to wit: Mrs. Charles A. Cannon, Mr. D. L. Corbitt, Mr. Preston Davie, Mrs. Frank P. Graham, Mr. Roland McClamroch, Mr. Carl Sandburg, Mrs. Walter S. Scott, and Mr. Harvey S. Terry.

We have received notes of regret from a number of our distinguished members, who because of extraordinary circumstances, cannot share the fellowship of the Annual meeting in Chapel Hill. Among others, such greetings have been sent by Governor Dan Moore, Miss Gertrude Weil, Mr. Henry Weil, Mrs. James Boyd, Mrs. Grace Kehaya, Mr. Victor Bryant, Mr. Knox Massey, Mr. J. H. Lineberger, and Mrs. Alfred Lawrence.

I need not make any extended report on the Library's progress to date. Each member receives our Annual Report and the periodic special publications of the University Library. You will all be particularly interested in seeing the new Undergraduate Library now within a month of completion. We still seek ways to achieve full funding of the sister library to provide for the great special collections, now bursting the walls which confine them. We have also proposed an addition to the bookstack of the Wilson Library to provide for our next million volumes and for one thousand additional carrell studies for the rapidly expanding graduate student body. Those of you who can visit our libraries next fall will find a greatly improved physical plant with quite different service pattern.

I can surely speak for the membership in recording our sincere appreciation of the generous devotion of our Chairman, Mr. Frank Borden Hanes, to the purposes of the Friends of the Library. He has given us both energy and personal resources



for three years and he now passes the leadership to other trusted hands.

I can also speak for the whole staff of the University Library in expressing our appreciation of the values our Friends and their friendship bring to us. The annual fellowship and the daily contacts with these friends provide a constant source of inspiration for the working members of our company.

JERROLD ORNE  
*Secretary*

# Report of the Nominating Committee

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

The Nominating Committee submits the following slate of officers for the year 1968/69:

*For Chairman:* Mr. Thomas S. Kenan III

*For Vice-Chairmen:* Mrs. S. R. Prince for three years, replacing Miss Gertrude Weil whose term expires this month, and Mr. Jonathan Daniels for one year to fill the unexpired term of the late Mr. Ronald McClamroch.

*For Secretary:* Dr. Jerrold Orne

*For Treasurer:* Mr. James A. Williams

*Honorary Chairman:* Mr. James G. Hanes

*Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten

*For the Executive Committee to serve with the Chairman and Secretary:* Dr. Dougald MacMillan

It is a pleasure for the committee to nominate for Life Membership the following persons who have made generous contributions to the University Library:

Mrs. Martin E. Boyer, Jr.

The Honorable Carl T. Durham

Mr. Henry B. McKoy

Mrs. Edgar A. Terrell

Respectfully submitted,

HUGH T. LEFLER

W. LEON WILEY

J. ISAAC COPELAND, *Chairman*



# Report of the Treasurer

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

April 30, 1967

<i>Fund Balance</i>		\$10,710.20
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### *Receipts*

Donations by members		2,397.73
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### *Expenditures*

Annual Dinner (1967) and program	\$846.36	
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Postage	24.00	
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Printing	29.51	
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Library Books	53.40	
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Annual Luncheon	21.12	
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	\$974.39	974.39
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<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 29, 1968	\$12,133.54
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Submitted April 29, 1968

J. A. WILLIAMS

*Treasurer*

A SELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVE GIFTS  
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY RECEIVED SINCE MAY 1967

From funds provided by the William A. Whitaker Foundation the Rare Book Collection has acquired many valuable books during the past year. An important addition to the Incunabula Collection was made with the purchase of Claudianus' *Opera*, edited by Thadeus Ugoleti of Parma, and published at Venice by Joanes de Tridino in 1495. This is the second edition of Claudianus' collected works, the first having been printed in 1493. This copy is in excellent condition with intricate woodcut initials throughout the text.

Among other titles from the classical period are: the *Opera* of Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, printed at Venice by Aldus Manutius in 1502; an edition of Ovid's *Le Metamorfosi* in Italian, printed by Francesco Sanese at Venice in 1575; *De Potestate et Sapientia Dei* of Hermes Trismegistus, with preface and annotations by the Renaissance scholar, Marsilio Ficino, printed at Basel in 1532; and the *Opera* of Vergil, with commentaries by the fifth century grammarian, Servius, printed by Robert Estienne of Paris in 1532.

In the field of English literature many significant titles were acquired on the Whitaker Fund. The following titles are typical examples: Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, London, Alsop, 1624; a beautiful edition of Edmund Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, published by the Kelmscott Press of William Morris; the first edition of the second part of the *Poems* of Edmund Waller, London, 1690; John Dryden's *Love Triumphant or Nature Will Prevail*, first edition, London, 1694; a Strawberry Hill Press edition of Thomas Gray's *Odes*, 1757; first edition of Oliver Goldsmith's *The Traveller*, London, 1765; *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin* by Thomas Chatterton, first edition, printed at London in 1772; *Horae Lyricae*, poems by Isaac Watts, printed by Hugh Gaine, one of America's important early printers, at New York in 1762; the very rare first edition of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Poems on Various Subjects*, in original binding, London, 1796; the first edition of Shelley's *The Revolt of Islam*, London, 1829; and a first edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's first published book, *An Essay on Mind With Other Poems*, 1826.



The Samuel Johnson-James Boswell Collection, one of William A. Whitaker's earlier gifts to the Library, has been significantly enriched in the past year. In addition to acquiring later editions of the *Dictionary*, *Rasselas*, *The Rambler*, and Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, all of which were already present in first edition, several new titles have been added. Included among these in first edition are: Samuel Johnson's *Taxation No Tyranny*, London, 1775; *The Patriot, Addressed to the Electors of Great Britain*, London, 1774, a scarce Johnsonian title; *Letters Between The Honourable Andrew Erskine and James Boswell, Esquire*, an interesting and quite rare title, 1763; another unusual Boswell item, *A Letter to the People of Scotland, On the Alarming Attempt to Infringe the Articles of the Union*, London, 1785; and William Cooke's interesting *Life of Samuel Johnson*, London, 1785.

The Charles Dickens Collection, almost complete in respect to first editions, has been expanded to include a number of important later editions. Among these are: *The Uncommercial Traveller*, second edition, London, 1861; "Hunted Down" in the *Picadilly Annual* for 1870, first published in the New York Ledger in 1859; *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices, No Thoroughfare*, and *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, in collaboration with Wilkie Collins, London, 1895; and an interesting early biography of Dickens by George Dolby, *Charles Dickens as I Knew Him*, 1885.

The Sarah Graham Kenan Collection of Rare Books was established two years ago by the Sarah Graham Kenan Foundation. During 1967-1968, the first full year of acquisitions for this Collection, a number of outstanding titles have been purchased. One of the most notable is the beautiful facsimile edition of the *Lorsch Gospels*. The original manuscript was written at Aachen in the Abbey of Lorsch about 810, "presumably" by the commission of Charlemagne. The facsimile, produced at Munich in 1967, contains fifty-four colored plates on fine paper, and is limited to one thousand copies.

Another unusual book secured for the Kenan Collection is an Incunabulum, *Disciplina degli Spirituali*, by Domenico Cavalca, published in Florence by Antonio di Bartolommeo Miscomini, about 1485. Domenico Cavalca, 1270?-1342, who wrote primarily on religious subjects, was influential in the development of Italian prose style.

Other titles acquired for the Collection are: *Thesaurus Ciceronius*, by Mario Nizzoli, printed at Venice in 1566; *Anglicae Historiae Libri Viginti Septem*, by Polydorus Vergilius, printed in 1570 at Basel; *Vida del Illustrissimo y Excelentissimo Senor Don Jauun de Ribera*, by Francesco Escuria, Valencia, 1612; a first edition of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Redskins*, New York, 1846; and the first American edition of *Notes on My Books* by Joseph Conrad, Garden City, N.Y., 1921.

The Southern Historical Collection has received in the past year a number of gifts which enrich its holdings of Southern Americana. Mr. Henry B. McKoy, of Greenville, South Carolina, gave his large collection of the manuscripts, William Berry McKoy (1852-1928), and of his maternal grandfather, Henry Bacon (1822-1891) and other family papers. William B. McKoy was a lawyer and historian of Wilmington, North Carolina, while Henry Bacon was a civil engineer and railroad builder.

The correspondence of D. Hiden Ramsey (1892-1966), newspaper editor at Asheville, North Carolina, scholar, social commentator, and first Chairman of the Board of Higher Education, were given to the Collection by Mrs. Ramsey.

Mrs. Bernice Kelly Harris, teacher and writer, of Seaboard, North Carolina, has donated a part of her personal correspondence and the drafts of her novels and plays, with the promise of others as they are ready.

Significant additions of manuscripts were made during the past year to the Jonathan Daniels Papers by Mr. Daniels; to the John Steele Henderson Papers by Mr. Lyman A. Cotten; to the Herschel V. Johnson Papers by Mrs. Edgar A. Terrell; and to the John C. and Olive Dame Campbell Papers by the nieces and nephew through Miss Lois Bacon.

The North Carolina Collection has received as a gift from Dr. B. W. Roberts, of Durham, a long-standing contributor to the Collection and an eager collector of North Caroliniana, a rare book: *A Journal of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, and Labour of Love in the Work of the Ministry, of that Worthy Elder, and Faithful Servant of Jesus Christ, William Edmundson*. This copy, beautifully bound in leather, was published in London in 1715, three years after Edmundson's death. Edmundson was a Quaker missionary, preached the first known sermon in the colony of North Carolina. He visited the colony



in 1672 and later that year was followed by George Fox. The *Journal* relates the difficulties Edmundson faced in traveling from Virginia to Carolina and the reception he met with in Albemarle.

Another valuable gift to the North Carolina Collection was two letters from Thomas Wolfe to Dr. Archibald Henderson, presented by Mrs. Lucile Kelling Henderson. The letters, dated October 7 and 23, 1924, contain interesting comments about Wolfe's student days in Chapel Hill. In remarking upon something Dr. Henderson had written on George Bernard Shaw, Wolfe said: "I think you are one of the best writers in America. You have range, penetration, and wisdom; and you write beautifully. Most teaching people write abominably, I think; and I believe I can say no sincerer thing when I say you do not sound like a professor."

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Editor: LAWRENCE F. LONDON

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# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

September, 1969



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## MATTHEW N. HODGSON

(Introduction by Dr. George E. Mowry,  
William Rand Kenan Professor of History)

My long friendship with the speaker began while he was associated with Houghton Mifflin as one of its editors assigned to see my books through the press. In succeeding years our friendship has developed far beyond that of editor and author.

Matthew Hodgson, a native of Tennessee, graduated from the University of North Carolina with an A.B. degree in 1949. A few weeks after graduation he accepted a position as college traveler for Appleton-Century-Crofts. In 1954 he became associated with Houghton Mifflin where he rose to be senior editor and remained with this firm until 1968. In that year he accepted the position of Developmental Editor for the University of Kentucky Press. During the past year he has devoted much of his time to the transformation of that press into the University Press of Kentucky which is supported by nine colleges and universities within the state.

In the course of his career, Mr. Hodgson has spoken to and read papers before numerous historical societies, including the Southern Historical Association, and has contributed to such journals as the *Saturday Review*.

Among Mr. Hodgson's recreations are hunting and fishing, both of which have contributed to his interest in conservation. He is an unpaid consultant to the Kentucky State Park System for which service he has been a Kentucky Colonel for the second time.

It is with great personal pleasure that I present to you our speaker whose paper for tonight is entitled, "Profits or Prestige? A Candid Excursion into Scholarly Publishing."





# PROFITS OR PRESTIGE?

## A CANDID EXCURSION INTO SCHOLARLY PUBLISHING

By MATTHEW N. HODGSON

The University Press of Kentucky

Lexington, Kentucky

I propose to talk with you tonight mostly about university presses—their place in book publishing and in the academic community, their problems, and—above all—their opportunities (as I see them) in the years ahead. To do this, I shall also have to make mention of the recent history and unsettled present of commercial publishing, because all publishing facilities—no matter their kind or purpose—tend to interact upon one another these days.

Since my views are very personal ones—and my talk, subjective—I may, in the course of my presentation, seem to you to resort overmuch to hyperbole and poetic license. If such inspires indignation, I can only plead Huckleberry Finn's apology for Mark Twain: "He may have exaggerated the facts a little, but mainly it were so." If dudgeon should continue to rise, I suggest that you communicate your resentment directly and forcefully—to those dignified gentlemen, full of honors and hubris, sitting amongst you who taught me my arts, letters, and sciences a score and more years ago.

In the early 50's, a certain multi-millionaire Texas oilman was in the habit of fishing for a few hours after the close of his business day. His route to a private lake just outside of Dallas passed by several public schools. An astute man, he began to observe that the schoolyards became more crowded as the seasons passed—visible proof that the gallantry of the American men who served in World War II was not all expended on the battlefield. It occurred to him that these swarms of school children would all need textbooks, and within a very few months he had acquired one of the oldest and largest book publishing firms in New York. The Texan's move was soon imitated by others, mostly conglomerates or corporations which specialized in communications. Big money flowed into book publishing, which, itself, became big business, with textbook sales alone approaching 700 million dollars as of last year.



To say that commercial publishing was changed by the intrusion of conglomerates is a weak understatement; it has been transformed completely.

Twenty years ago, the premise of old-line New York and Boston book publishers were virtually indistinguishable from one another: the seedy reception rooms; the shelves of dusty, disremembered tomes by clergymen, Civil War generals, and Hoosier novelists; the autographed engraved portraits of obscure Victorian poets, whose beards were as heavy as their reputations have become minor. A dignified 19th Century air of somnolence lay heavy in such places, the only visible movement being the shuffling of tweedy editorial types from one shabby office to another in a seemingly perpetual search for lost manuscripts or pipe cleaners.

Authors of promise were almost always conducted to the office of the president of such a firm for a personal meeting. The typical president was a product of rural New England or a York stater, elderly, quietly garbed, who was wont to greet his visitor with that suspicion traditionally reserved for literary folk by solid men-of-affairs. A minimum royalty was offered—and almost always accepted. Those authors so callow as to haggle over terms were either summarily dismissed, or allowed to fidget in an interminable silence, until, at length, they acquiesced in the desperate hope that the sense of outrage they had provoked in the formidable gentleman confronting them would subside. It was a brave author, indeed, who would persevere in his demands; and since commercial firms at that time published very few scholarly works, even the most prestigious of academicians, perhaps for the first time in their lives at a loss for words, succumbed to this treatment.

Yet, if in those halcyon days, the commercial publisher was indeed Barrabas, he was also patient and relaxed in his malefactions. The relationships between publishers and authors often became close and familial, and sometimes, if the books of the latter sold well and he could tell a good Eleanor joke, even friendly.

Frequently, publishers, having nothing better to do, actually read the works of their authors; on occasion, they were able even to generate genuine enthusiasm for the best of them; the worthy gentlemen who presided over the destinies of Harpers forty years ago actually seemed to look forward to those days when they would set up a stand at a strategic Wall Street

location and personally sell copies of the new Zane Grey novels, fresh from the bindery, to that writer's many admirers in the financial community.

So much for commercial publishing in days past. If you seek to know more, I recommend that you read the memoirs of publishers of that time, particularly if you are an insomniac—for they are among the most soporific books ever written.

Today, things are different in commercial publishing—quite different, indeed. The old offices for the most part have been abandoned, or refurbished, in keeping with the prodigious growth of the industry and the conglomerates' image consciousness. Editors, in the old sense of the word, have disappeared—replaced by manuscript recruiters, sharp, fast-talking young men, who flourish sheafs of contracts, and dazzle prospective authors with glib descriptions of fabulous royalty advances, stock options, annuities, and lucrative "package deals." Formerly spacious offices, gleaming with fresh paint and awash with fluorescent light have been subdivided into minute cubicles, each containing a miniskirted graduate of Barnard, Smith, Vassar, or Wellesley, busily dotting "i's" or crossing "t's" on manuscripts, as her specified duties in the new, vastly expanded book operation may require. Beyond the dazzling reception rooms and mazes of cell-like editorial offices are severely modern executive suites, peopled by brisk Harvard Masters of Business Administration who flit from one computer to another seeking reassurance from the flickering lights and humming gears that all is well, that book publishing after all, is really not much different from the manufacture of transistors, hydrogen bombs, condensed soup, television commercials, or steel. From time to time, their communion before the electronic altars is interrupted by conferences with a valued author, or perhaps by a visit from a conglomerate chieftain, fresh from a uranium strike in the Yukon. With the first, he will go heavily into matters of four-color inserts, transparencies, film strips, or full-page advertisements in *The New York Times*, *Life*, or *TV Guide*; with the second, he will plot with equal enthusiasm ways to make books—and authors—obsolete.

It is important to know that many of the conglomerate-owned book publishers deliberately attempted to rid themselves of books. The reasons for this are both simple and logical: they believed that they could construct machines that would replace books in the teaching of the young—machines which



could be mass-produced, and sold at an excellent profit, with few, or none of the problems presented by the intensely complicated process of publishing even a single book.

Wizards from the great universities, familiar with Pavlovian Laws and fresh from chummy laboratory sessions with baboons, and chimpanzees, were paid enormous sums to devise machines to eliminate—or at least, subordinate—the need for textbooks (and it is textbooks, I must emphasize, which have accounted for most of the sales and profits—and loom largest in the thinking—of commercial publishers). After their first furor of enthusiasm for bringing modern technology into the classroom, pedagogues seem finally to have rejected teaching machines. I suspect that they logically surmised that if such gadgets prove successful, their own role in the education of the young would be in jeopardy; they would, in fact, become the oilers of gears and the replacers of blown tubes and fuses—television repairmen, so to speak, but without the fabulous pay of that fortunate band.

When the failure of their teaching machines became accepted, commercial publishers were forced to reappraise their opportunities. To standardize their product, they began to issue an increasing number of reference works—dictionaries, encyclopedias, and the like. They also sought to commission major, basal textbooks—high profit, expensive books for which there would be monolithic markets. Again, they have been confounded by the capriciousness of pedagogues and scholars for while a substantial market still exists for basal textbooks, the preference of many teachers, at every educational level, is for paperbacks; brief, relatively inexpensive studies, which the instructor uses in combination, and supplements by lectures. Lacking any alternate opportunity to make use of his capital and large staff of employees, the commercial publisher, albeit unwillingly, has become a publisher of paperbacks. Last year, 12,000 paperbacks were published to join over 40,000 titles already in print—many of them, so-called “quality paperbacks”—aimed at academic markets. It is a five-and-dime business, which most commercial publishers detest. Yet they are in it—and will stay in it as long as their capital permits; or until, as is already beginning to happen, the conglomerate leadership, having exhausted the tax write-off possibilities of a firm, should abandon it, or sell it off to a correspondence school.

I have spoken at such length about the history and present state of commercial publishers because I believe that their activities have pertinence to those who plan and direct the affairs of university presses.

The truth of the matter is that commercial publishers have invaded the traditional preserve of the university press—the faculties which had furnished them those specialized studies of scholarly excellence, yet small popular appeal, which returned to presses most of their plant costs and even, on occasion, a modest profit. For years, it was fashionable in commercial firms to condemn some university presses for publishing textbooks in seeming contradiction to their widely advertised statements of scholarly purity. Now, these once censorious publishers cheerfully loot departments and whole universities of manuscripts, which they publish in small clothbound editions for anticipated library sales to satisfy the egos of authors, hoping against hope that the paperback edition will, by the simple law of averages, sell enough copies to recoup their investments. It has become almost a status symbol for assistant professors and even instructors to have two or three contracts with as many firms for brief collections of readings or short narratives; meanwhile, their larger professional commitments tend to become neglected; suspicious deans have begun to question whether a sparsely-footnoted 100 page essay on Shakespeare, black nationalism, cosmology, or the literature of the New Left—obviously slanted towards the undergraduate reader—should properly be included in one's *vita*. One department chairman at Yale has gone so far as to grant an award of \$1,000 to those of his younger colleagues who refrain from such enterprises. And, finally, some of the commercial firms, having lost money on most of their paperback series, have reduced sharply their publications of this type. My strong belief is that other firms will follow this move in short order.

Meanwhile, the plight of the university press during the past few years has not been a particularly pleasant one. The burgeoning ranks of academicians have brought it more manuscripts than ever before, but much of the best work of the younger scholars has gone elsewhere. Publishing agreements of long standing with scholarly societies have been abrogated as if to confound their problems further, new scholarly presses are being born each year representing added competition for desirable manuscripts. Of all who engage in book publishing



it is perhaps the university press publisher whose lot has been most difficult in these hectic times of growth and change.

The distinguished English publisher, Sir Stanley Unwin, once defined book publishing as neither a trade nor a profession, but as an "occupation for gentlemen."

Sir Stanley's observation was, I think, a defensive one—for in Britain, at least, book publishing remains what it has always been—a trade. Gentlemen may engage in publishing, but for the social aspirant, marriage into a ducal family and honorable service in the Brigade of Guards is a much more certain way of achieving formal gentility than publishing a brilliant poet or a learned historian.

I mention these distinctions by which Britain's upper classes delight in putting one another down, because they reflect, I think, the somewhat ambiguous role of the scholarly publisher in the academic world. By and large, he leads an exemplary life and performs a useful service under personal stresses and public strains which would fell a lesser individual. The university press director lives and works among the faculties of his respective institution, but he is never quite *of* them. He has status of a kind—but it is rarely translatable into influence and power on his campus. Day after day, year after year, he must prove himself anew to his university administration; a task that becomes increasingly difficult as new generations of scholars with different ways of approaching old disciplines present themselves—and their manuscripts—at press offices. The great expansion of the academic community and the proliferation of scholarship of the most esoteric and recondite variety besieges, and at times, overwhelms him. If he rejects a manuscript, he may make a mistake—and an enemy; if he accepts a poor one, he may have made a host of critics—and a friend of dubious value.

He may not be a scholar, himself, save in the old-fashioned sense of the man who reads widely and reflects often, but he must know a good deal about scholarship. From time to time, he must leave his manuscripts and give attention to financial matters—for a university press is a business of a sort, and, as it happens, university press directors are often very astute businessmen. (It is paradoxical that they are engaged in an enterprise which must never, save in exceptional cases, show a profit.) He is also the manager of a staff whose temperaments are as large and fully developed as their talents—and

often, far more in evidence. Usually they are ill-paid, even by the standards of a university. If he can only keep them surly and morose—but not actually mutinous—he may congratulate himself on having discharged this particular aspect of his responsibilities well.

In brief, the press director wears many hats, each of which—as any director will tell you—someone usually is trying to knock off.

It would be best, I think, for press people to reconcile themselves to the category in which university administrations instinctively have placed them: that of catalysts and technicians of a very high order who are able to translate sometimes raw scholarship into enduring books of worth and substance. Perhaps this is just as well. Eventually, place and privilege will come to them if they discharge their duties in outstanding fashion; meanwhile, if given too much official recognition, there is always the possibility that the *sturmbannfuhrer* of the local SDS Chapter may confuse the pressoffices with a library or a dean's retreat and put them to the torch.

If press directors and editors—some of them—have shown flaws, it has been in their responses to the frantic assaults of commercial publishers upon their demesnes. Like many universities at the onset of piratical raids upon their faculties during the past decade, presses, by and large, have both under- and over-reacted to their tormentors.

A few presses have attempted to fight fire with fire, as it were, by becoming quasi-commercial publishers, themselves, usually with dismal results; rarely have they been able to come up with truly “popular” books, and in their consuming desire to do so, they have tended to neglect works of genuine significance. Their book lists reflect neither the strengths of their faculties nor the often singular and interesting aspect of their regional locations. It might be said that they have failed at every level, displeasing scholars and boring the laity.

Other presses have adopted a passive stance towards recent changes in publishing. Like my late grandmother, nurtured in a gentler society, who in times of trouble retired to her bed and drew the sheets up over her head, trusting to her distinguished Virginian ancestry and her perfect devotion to the Protestant Episcopal Church that the simple passage of time would remove the causes of her vexation, such publishers



have chosen to adhere to the older, more comfortable ways of publishing, even as the erosion of their reputations became increasingly apparent.

Certain presses have continued to flourish throughout these difficult years. They have done so, I believe, by shrewdly assessing their opportunities and capitalizing upon their strengths. In some instances, they consciously restricted the kind and compass of their publications to those which they knew they could do best—regional studies, broad and numerous enough to embrace every discipline and every approach. And they have not lost by it; like the outstanding university of a region, the best regional press is almost always automatically accorded a high national standing. I would not suggest to you that the Harvard University Press, or its majestic sponsor, is a regional institution; but even a cursory perusal of its catalogue of publications will disclose an exhaustive and abiding concern for New England.

University presses, such as your own, have performed admirably in chronicling the past of the region—and in calling the attention of scholars and laymen alike to many of the problems and abuses of the present. I suggest, however, that much more needs to be done—that new studies by scholars of every academic persuasion are called for—and in some cases, urgently. In the South, especially, is there need for new emphasis upon regional studies. Ways must be found to save our land and to cleanse our air and water, else we shall find ourselves standing in sewers as we attempt to watch through clouds of soot man's conquest of the heavens. Our human heritage is fast disappearing from view; it must be preserved and interpreted so that we can better understand ourselves by knowing what we were and whence we came. Cicero opined that "he who does not know history is a child"; I would add that he is a lost one.

It does not follow that an important publisher of regional books must be provincial in his other interests or offerings—indeed, he cannot be, and reflect faithfully the catholic interests of the faculty of his university. Any good press should publish worthwhile books in every area of human interest and activity—whether the translation of the memoirs of a Renaissance diplomatist or a study of Mahler's symphonic orchestration—but it ought never, I submit to you again, neglect that

regional constituency which has nurtured and sustained it and offers it so much that is unique and valuable and exclusive.

The future of university press publishing in the South seems to me to be a bright one—if for no other reason than that our universities have grown in size and quality.

Problems persist: unrealistically low salaries for skilled press employees; too few people attempting to publish too many books in too short a time; and the propensity of directors of graduate studies—martinets in matters of footnoting and the use of primary sources—to be lenient to a fault when it comes to inculcating into their charges the rudiments of English grammar and rhetoric.

On the whole, however, I am sanguine about the years ahead. The scholarly publisher has much to offer authors; in the case of a distinguished study, more, I believe, than most commercial firms. There will always be those happy instances, when the subject of a manuscript is a timely one, the writing deft and polished, and the author sagacious and experienced; by every consideration of logic and finance, such books should fare well—and the author wax fat—when published by Doubleday, Scribners, and Ess-and-Ess.

For most scholarly manuscripts, however, a good university press is the appropriate publishing vehicle. The reasons for this are several—and powerful. For one thing, university presses care about such books; what would be a mere list padder for a commercial firm, preoccupied with the imminent appearance, say, of the newest cheery exhalation by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale or the umpteenth edition of "The Sportsman's Guide to the Night Life of Gay Paree," might well be the publishing event of the year, or decade, for a scholarly publisher. He will edit, promote it, and sell it accordingly—and he will do all of these things more efficaciously and with greater enthusiasm than would his commercial brethren. He can assure the author that review copies will be sent to all of the appropriate media, and might at the same time suggest to him that an essentially serious book—for five years arduously researched and written in the great libraries of Europe and America, does not necessarily benefit from an author's five minute conversation on the Today Show with the ineffable ex-catcher of the St. Louis Cardinals, Joe Garagiola. He can stipulate further that the average university press book is kept in print for years—not months—and that the author need have



no fear that he will find his *magnum opus* remaindered for sale in his neighborhood Walgreens, displayed amongst hairnets, perfumes, garbage containers, and nostrums for biliousness. Finally, he might well remind an author that the profit of his work—the real profit, which is an indirect one involving tenure, promotion and salary increments, is derived by the kind of acceptance it receives from his colleagues and peers. A stunning review in *The Toledo Blade* cuts no ice at Ann Arbor, Chapel Hill, or even, I think, at the University of Toledo.

It has been a genuine pleasure to have been with you this evening. I hope that I have made a strong case for scholars placing their manuscripts with university presses; but if you choose to disbelieve that all such publishers are as high-toned as I have made them out to be, I will not blame you. It was only last month that I discovered that the Wesleyan University Press was a subsidiary of the Xerox Corporation—and it was only yesterday that I learned that the Negro Universities Press was owned by a man named Cohen.

# Report of the Secretary

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Membership in the Friends now numbers approximately 350. This number takes into account normal additions of new members and, as in other years, the unhappy loss of some of our most faithful members through death. Among those who have left us this year, particular note should be made of Mr. Walter D. Barbee, a member since 1961, Mr. Hardin Craig, a member since 1945, Mr. Bowman Gray, a Life Member since 1947, Professor T. F. Hickerson, Mrs. Graham Kenan, a Life Member since 1946, Mrs. A. S. Lawrence, a long-time Friend, and Mrs. W. D. Perry, a Life Member since 1951.

Among those who we would have been pleased to have with us but who could not come, we have received letters of regret from Governor Robert Scott, Mr. Thomas Kenan, our absent Chairman, and Miss Gertrude Weil, one of our longest recorded members and a long-time Life Member of this organization. We should indeed pay tribute to another member of the Weil Family, Mr. Henry Weil, who, although not regularly a member of the Friends organization, contributed constantly with good advice and family counsel toward the best interest of the Library within the large family group of the Weils. We will miss his wise counsel in the future.

It is with great pleasure that I can now report to the Friends of the Library on the singular success of our new Undergraduate Library. Occupying this new building in the Fall has meant to the University Library an enormous improvement in the potential use of all of the Library's collections wherever they are, including a very considerable extension of the use of Wilson Library as a research center. We have had serious and troublesome problems in converting older space to newer forms of service. However, the changeover has now been virtually completed and I would be pleased to have all Friends of the Library inspect what we have done both in the Undergraduate Library and Wilson Library. Our proposal for an addition to the bookstack of Wilson Library does not seem to have any great hope of success in this Legislature. It is our most urgent need for the fullest development of the graduate and research program of the University and we shall not cease pushing for it until we have it. Such aid as the Friends may give us in this venture will be greatly valued.



It is with sincere regret that I must report that our Chairman, Thomas Kenan, has moved to another State and not only cannot attend this meeting, but wishes to be relieved of a responsibility which he feels he cannot justly meet. He will continue his interest in our work and, as well as he can from a distance, intends to work for us.

It is appropriate that I also report to you that we have revised the operating management of the Friends of the Library by delegating many of the functions formerly held by your Secretary to the three principals in our Special Collections. The continuing development and promotion of the work of the Friends has been carried out this year, and will continue in the future, with the aid of an operating Executive Committee consisting of Dr. Isaac Copeland, as Chairman, Dr. Lawrence London and Mr. William S. Powell. It was our thought that inasmuch as the Friends of the Library is largely an organization dedicated primarily to our Special Collections, the principals in those areas should have a larger part in the work of the organization. In all other ways, the elected and appointed offices will continue as before but we may, with this operating group, find a greater expansion of the membership and in the functions of the Friends in the interest of the Library. I hope that this change will meet with your approval.

In my responsibility as the University Librarian, I speak for the entire staff of the University Library in extending to you our very considerable gratitude for the good work Friends of the Library have done for us this year. Other reports, which you have received—and will receive in the course of our normal publication program, will convey to you the news of specific gains. My purpose is to tell you very simply that we are very much aware of the importance of the Friends and look for a long and fruitful collaboration with you.

JERROLD ORNE

*Secretary*

# Report of the Treasurer

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

April 30, 1969

<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 29, 1968	\$12,133.54
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### *Receipts*

Donations by members	3,794.37
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\$15,927.91

### *Expenditures*

Annual Dinner (1968) and program	\$ 661.45
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Printing	22.60
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Book Mark	345.15
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Library Books	1,658.80
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Transfer to Special Collections	
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Library Building Fund	10,000.00
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\$12,688.00	12,688.00
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<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 30, 1969	\$ 3,239.91
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Submitted May 7, 1969

J. A. WILLIAMS

*Treasurer*



# Report of the Nominating Committee

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

The Nominating Committee submits the following slate of officers for the year 1969-1970:

*For Chairman:* Professor Norval Neil Luxon

*For Vice-Chairman* for a three year term: Mr. Jonathan Daniels

*For Secretary:* Dr. Jerrold Orne

*For Treasurer:* Mr. James A. Williams

*For Member of the Executive Committee:* Dr. John L. Snell

*Honorary Chairman:* Mr. James G. Hanes

*Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten

The committee takes pleasure in nominating for Life Members of The Friends the following persons who have made generous contributions of books, manuscripts, or funds to the University Library:

Mrs. Preston Davie

Mr. Frank Borden Hanes

Mr. Herman Dermont Hedrick

Mr. Hamilton Cowles Horton

Mr. James Graham Kenan

Mrs. D. Hiden Ramsey

JAMES W. PATTON

CLIFFORD P. LYONS

LAWRENCE F. LONDON, *Chairman*

A SELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVE GIFTS  
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY RECEIVED SINCE MAY 1968

During the past year the Rare Book Collection has added many significant titles through funds provided by the William A. Whitaker Foundation.

Among these are: *Tusculanae Disputationes*, by Marcus Tullius Cicero with commentaries by the Italian scholar, Filippo Beroaldo. Venice, Bartholomeus de Zannis, 1499. The work is in excellent condition with five large woodcut floral initials, white on black ground, and numerous small capitals. It is bound in its original oak boards with leather spine.

With the Cicero is bound: *De Factis ac Dictis Memorabilibus Exemplorum*, of Valerius Marimus. Leipzig, Melchoir Lotter, 1512.

*Symbola Pythagorae* by Filippo Beroaldo. Bologna, Benedicto Hectoris, 1503.

Commentary on the *Poemata Pythagorae, et Phocylidis* by the German humanist, Amerbach, and published at Strasbourg in 1552.

Philip Melancthon's edition of Euripides' *Tragoediae Quae Hodie Extant, Omnes Latina Soluta Oratione Redditae*, with a preface and a life of Euripides by the German Hellenist, Wilhelm Xylander. Frankfurt, Ludovic Lucius, 1562.

A rare first edition of *Rime* [and] *Lettere del Medesimo* by the Italian savant, Vincenzo Martelli. Florence, Giunti, 1563. The poems in this volume are on classical subjects, nature, and individuals. The letters are addressed to Vettori, Bernardo Tasso, Vittoria Colonna, the Medicis and other humanists.

*Le Vite delli Più Celebri et Antichi Primi Poeti Provenzali*, by Jean de Nostredame, published at Lyons in 1575. One of the earliest histories of the Provencal troubadors, the work is a valuable source for the lives and writings of the troubadors from the eleventh through the thirteenth century.

Three interesting short works by Torquato Tasso which were all printed at Venice by Giunti in 1582: *Discorso della Virtu Feminile, e Donnesca*; *Discorso della Virtu Heroica, et della Charita*; [and] *Il Gonzaga Secondo*.

Ovid's *De Ponto*, containing four books of elegies translated into English by Wye Saltonstall. London, Printed by T. Cotes for M. Sparke, 1640.



An interesting collection of letters from Hugo Grotius to certain leaders in French literary and political circles, entitled *Epistolae ad Gallos*. The work was published by Elzevier at Leyden in 1648.

Among the more important additions to the Johnson-Boswell Collection made during the past year are: *The Plan of the Dictionary of the English Language*, by Samuel Johnson, London, 1747; *Deformities of Dr. Samuel Johnson*, by John Callander, London, 1782; *An Inquiry into Some Passages in Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, by Richard Potter, London, 1783; *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Late Dr. Samuel Johnson*, by William Shaw, London, 1785; *Dr. Johnson's Table-Talk*, London, 1785; *Samuel Johnson*, by Thomas Carlyle, London, 1853; *The Life of David Garrick*, by Arthur Murphy, London, 1801; and *Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton*, by Francis Blackburne, London, 1780.

Included in other acquisitions for the eighteenth century are: *Sir Henry Wildair*, George Farquhar, London, 1701; *The Grave, a poem*, by Robert Blair, London, 1743; *Travels through Holland, Flanders, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, Russia, the Ukraine, and Poland in the Years 1768-1770*, by Joseph Marshall, 3 vols., London, 1772; *An Account of the Voyages Undertaken by the Order of His Present Majesty, for Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere . . .* by John Hawkesworth, Dublin, 1773; and *Vaurien: or, Sketches of the Times*, by Isaac Disraeli, London, 1797.

The Charles Dickens Collection has been enlarged in the past year by many later editions of titles already present in the collection and by biographical and critical monographs. Included in the recent additions are: The first American edition of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, edited by "Boz," in five parts, Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1837; *Pictures from Italy*, London, 1880; *American Notes*, London, 1884; *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, London, 1896; *Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*, London, n.d.; and *Dickens' London*, by Thomas Edgar Pemberton, London, 1876.

Through the Whitaker Foundation significant additions have been made to the Rare Book Collection's holdings of first editions of nineteenth and twentieth century fiction and poetry with such titles as: *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, London, 1817; *The Pastor's Fire-side*, by Jane Porter, London, 1817; *The Red Rover*, by James Feni-

more Cooper, Philadelphia, 1828; *Miss MacKenzie*, by Anthony Trollope, London, 1865; *Ralph the Heir*, by Anthony Trollope, London, 1871; *Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town, Wit, The Proser and other Papers*, by William Makepeace Thackeray, New York, 1853; *Tale of Chloe*, by George Meredith, London, 1894; *Uncle Bernac*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, London, 1897; *Artemis to Acteon*, by Edith Wharton, New York, 1909; *The Demi-Gods*, by James Stephens, London, 1914; *The Posthumous Poems* of Charles Algernon Swinburne, London, 1917; *Toward the Gulf*, by Edgar Lee Masters, New York, 1918; *The Wayzgoose*, by Roy Campbell, London, 1928; *The Dance of Death*, by W. H. Auden, London, 1933; and *The Collected Earlier Poems*, by William Carlos Williams, New York, 1951.

Two elegantly printed and bound facsimiles have been acquired during the past year. *The Trinity College Apocalypse*, an Anglo-Norman manuscript, is beautifully reproduced in full color. It is accompanied by a volume containing an historical introduction and description of the manuscript by Peter H. Brieger, professor of fine arts, University of Toronto. The original of this manuscript, which was written and illuminated in the second quarter of the thirteenth century, is in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge University.

The second facsimile is that of *The Carmina Burana*, a collection of German, French, and Latin songs of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, edited by Bernard Bischoff. It is faithfully reproduced from the original manuscript located in the Bayerische Staatsbibliothek at Munich.

From funds provided for the purchase of books for the Sarah Graham Kenan Collection, a number of important titles have been acquired. The work, *Commentarius Brevis Rorum in Orbe Gestarum*, by Laurentius Surius (1522-1578) Cologne, 1568, is a valuable source for the study of the religious struggles of the sixteenth century. Surius, an ardent supporter of the Counter Reformation, wrote the work as a polemic against Sleidanus' *History of the Reformation*.

Two interesting books by Théodore de Bèze entitled, *Tractatio de Polygamia*, and *Tractatio de Repudiis et Divortiis*, published in Geneva in 1573. Bèze was an advocate of the Reformation in France and the successor of Calvin at Geneva.

Abraham Hosmann's treatise, *Tractatus de Republica Benè Instituenda & Legitima Electione Consulis*, Leipzig, 1612, is an



important work on the constitutional history of the Holy Roman Empire with particular emphasis on local government.

*A Short and True Relation of Intrigues Transacted Both at Home and Abroad to Restore the Late King James*, London, 1694, is a description of the flight of James II to France, his exile, and his efforts towards restoration.

In the field of American history, two significant works were acquired: *The American Traveller, Being a New Historical Collection Compiled from the Most Authentick Voyages and Travels*, London, 1745; and *The History of the Civil War in America*, by Captain William C. Hall, London, 1780.

From a long-time member of the Friends of the Library, Dr. W. Leon Wiley, Kenan Professor of French, has come the gift of a rare seventeenth century French drama: *La Sophonisba Tragedie* [by] Jean de Mairet, Paris, 1635. The story of Sophonisba, the Carthaginian lady who died for love of a general fighting against Carthage in the Second Punic War, was a popular theme for tragedy in England, Italy and France. Probably the most famous French version was that of Jean de Mairet. It was the first tragedy to be presented on the French stage which was in complete conformity with the Aristotelian rules. The performance of this tragedy in 1634 initiated the glorious age of French tragedy, made notable by Pierre Corneille and Jean Racine.

Dr. George L. Carrington, of Burlington, North Carolina, has given the Rare Book Collection two valuable titles: *The Anatomy of Melancholy* by Democritus Junior (Robert Burton) London, printed for Peter Parker, 1676, and *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, Compared with the Former Editions and Many Valuable Manuscripts out of which Three Tales are Added which Were Never Before Printed*, by John Urry, London, Bernard Lintot, 1721. This is the first printing of John Urry's folio edition of Chaucer, and is handsomely illustrated with woodcuts.

A number of outstanding gifts were received by the Southern Historical Collection during the past year. The Honorable Horace R. Kornegay, a former member of Congress from the Sixth North Carolina district, has donated his Congressional office files for the year 1961-1967. He plans to turn over his files for 1967-1968 at a later date.

Mr. Hamilton C. Horton, of Winston-Salem, has given the Calvin Josiah Cowles Papers. This is a large collection con-

taining the family and business accounts as well as the correspondence of Calvin J. Cowles, of Wilkes County, North Carolina. Cowles was a merchant, active in Republican party politics, land speculation, mining, and railroad development in western North Carolina. The collection also includes the campaign papers of his son, Charles Holden Cowles, Republican Congressman, 1908-1910.

Dr. William R. Amberson, professor of physiology at the University of Tennessee Medical School from 1930 to 1937, has given the correspondence from that period concerning his activities and relations with the Socialist Party in Tennessee, the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, and the American Civil Liberties Union.

Reports, studies, and working papers produced by the North Carolina Fund, pioneer anti-poverty agency, 1963-1968, are being received from the Director, Mr. George H. Esser, as the agency completes its five-year program.

From Professor S. Taylor Martin, of Clinton, South Carolina, the Southern Historical Collection has received an important segment of the correspondence of his great grandfather, the Honorable A. W. Venable. The gift includes eighty-five letters, 1847-1855, which Venable received while a Representative in Congress from North Carolina.

Significant additions have been made in the past year to the Bagley Family Papers by Jonathan Daniels; the John Steele Henderson Papers by Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten; the Charles Beatty Mallett Papers by Charles B. Overman; and the David Outlaw Papers by Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Rowe.

Several significant gifts of books and pamphlets were presented to the North Carolina Collection during the past year. Mr. Jonathan Daniels gave a number of standard North Carolina historical studies and biographies in addition to many volumes useful to the study of the history of Raleigh and Wake County.

Among the more than two hundred books and pamphlets from the estate of the late Thomas Felix Hickerson of Chapel Hill, long-time Kenan Professor of Applied Mathematics, were several monographs and various editions of his classic study, *Route Surveys and Design*.

Mr. Ray Byron Wyche, of Hillsborough, North Carolina, has donated a nineteenth century manuscript copy of Morgan Edwards' manuscript notes on his *Tour . . . to the American*



*Baptists in North Carolina in 1772-73*. The Edwards manuscript is still a major source for the history of the Baptists in Colonial North Carolina.

Although the books and papers bequeathed by the late Robert Ruark to the North Carolina Collection have not been received here from his home in Spain, interested friends have begun contributing privately owned photographs, manuscripts, and printed materials relating to Ruark. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith, of Chapel Hill, have given a copy of, *Christmas in North Carolina*, a privately printed, limited edition of a chapter from *The Old Man and the Boy*. With this they gave a letter from Ruark, dated December 22, 1958, relating to this book. Another friend, Lieutenant Colonel Beverly Lake Barge, of Chapel Hill, has presented a number of photographs of Ruark as well as magazine articles and copies of various editions of Ruark's novels. Colonel Barge is the author of *Catalog of the Collected Papers and Manuscripts of Robert C. Ruark*, which will be a most useful guide in organizing the Ruark Collection when it arrives.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDS AND OTHERS  
WHOSE GIFTS OF BOOKS AND MATERIALS HAVE  
ENRICHED THE LIBRARY'S HOLDINGS  
SINCE MAY 1968

George L. Abernethy  
Raymond W. Adams  
Miss Janet M. Agnew  
Josef Albers  
Miss Elizabeth Allen  
William R. Amberson  
Josef Anderle  
Mrs. P. C. Athas  
A. Edgar Atkins  
Mrs. Roy C. Avery  
Mrs. M. J. Bahnsen  
Jacques Barzun  
Ronald H. Bayes  
David Sandler Berkowitz  
Miss Nancy M. Bignell  
Douglas Boggs  
Mrs. Fred W. Bonitz  
Edwin T. P. Boone, Jr.  
Charles H. Bowman, Jr.  
John Wright Boyd  
T. Robert S. Broughton  
Tom Watson Brown  
Sheldon S. Brown  
Mrs. R. C. Brunson  
Mrs. John Bryan  
David M. Byler  
Richard P. Calhoon  
John Burton Cameron  
George L. Carrington  
Miss Virginia Caruthers  
Miss Cordelia Camp  
Jerry Cashion  
Miss Myra Champion  
Arthur B. Chitty  
Paul N. Chryssikes  
Miss Edith Clark  
Miss Cynthia Clemence  
Mrs. Collier Cobb, Sr.  
Collier Cobb, Jr.  
C. F. W. Coker  
Mrs. Robert E. Coker  
George Cole  
Miss Mary H. Coley

Mrs. David M. Connor  
J. Isaac Copeland  
Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten  
Lyman A. Cotten  
John N. Couch  
Walter H. Coulson  
Mrs. Evelyn Creedy  
Christopher Crittenden  
Victor Croxford  
Jonathan Daniels  
Chalmers G. Davidson  
Dr. W. C. Davison  
James A. Duffy  
George H. Esser  
John D. Eyre  
Arthur E. Fink  
John F. Franklin  
Harrop A. Freeman  
Guy B. Funderburk  
Nannie M. Gary (bequest of)  
Mrs. Neil Garvey  
Dr. Lytt I. Gardner  
Richard Gatling  
Lt. Col. Charles B. Gault  
M. M. Geffen  
Mrs. W. E. Gillman  
Paul Gitlin  
Mrs. M. H. Givens  
Fletcher M. Green  
Paul Green  
D. M. Griffiths  
Peter W. Hairston  
Clifton L. Hall  
Frank Borden Hanes  
John Haywood Hardin  
H. Dermont Hedrick  
Thomas Felix Hickerson (bequest)  
Joseph A. Holmes  
Rev. Walter McG. Hooper  
Hamilton C. Horton  
Mrs. Sara Immerwahr  
L. S. Inscoe  
Alfred H. Iseley



Mrs. Fontaine Graham Jarman  
E. Bruce Kirkham  
Horace R. Kornegay  
Enno E. Kraehe  
Sturgis E. Leavitt  
H. E. Lehman  
Donald J. Lehnus  
Lawrence F. London  
Duncan MacRae  
Mrs. Pearl McGalliard  
Mrs. Eva McKenna  
William C. Mallard  
Charles Mangum  
Mrs. Thaddeus Marshall  
S. Taylor Martin  
Miss Eleanor H. Mason  
Miss Hester Meigs  
Miss Jerusha Gilman Meigs  
Vasa Mihailovich  
W. Whitaker Moore  
Admiral Samuel E. Morison  
Moses J. Newson  
Henri G. Noordberg  
Philip L. Oldham  
Jerrold Orne  
Charles B. Overman  
Thomas C. Parramore  
Miss Ruth Peeling  
Herbert D. Pegg  
Francisco Perea-Sanchez  
Herbert Poole  
Mrs. Ruth Poovey  
William S. Powell  
Sam Ragan  
Mrs. D. Hiden Ramsey  
Philip Rees  
Thomas M. Riddick  
W. Jefferson Riley  
Dr. B. W. Roberts

Forrest L. Rollins  
Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Rowe  
Phillips Russell  
Miss Cora F. Sanders  
James Sandoe  
John Schnorrenberg  
Mrs. C. W. Shields  
Mrs. Charles Smallwood  
Jonathan Kennon Smith  
Paul Smith  
John L. Snell  
Arthur Soybel  
Corydon P. Spruill  
Mrs. Morton Stark  
Max Steele  
Arthur E. Stevens  
George Stevenson, Jr.  
Calvin E. Sutherd  
Miss Mary L. Thornton  
Rev. T. S. Tisdale  
Miss Emma Tomlinson  
F. W. Tuttle  
Robert Vitz  
Wesley Wallace  
Paul W. Wager  
Lindsay C. Warren  
Mrs. Cheshire Webb  
Miss Louise C. Webb  
Mrs. Guy L. Webb  
Manly Wade Wellman  
Achilles Westling  
W. L. Wiley  
Ralph D. Williams  
L. R. Wilson  
R. M. Winger  
H. O. Woltz  
Mrs. C. T. Woollen  
Hugh H. Wooten  
Paul Wyche

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

*Any interested person may become a member of the Friends of the Library. Student members pay \$2.00 annually; contributing members \$5.00 annually; associate members \$10.00 annually; sustaining members \$25.00 annually; patron members \$100 annually. Life members give \$1000 in money or material of unusual value.*



FRIENDS  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY

OFFICERS 1969-1970

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NORVAL NEIL LUXON .....*Chairman*

WILLIAM H. RUFFIN .....*Vice-Chairman*

MRS. S. R. PRINCE .....*Vice-Chairman*

JONATHAN DANIELS .....*Vice-Chairman*

MRS. LYMAN A. COTTEN .....*Honorary Secretary*

JERROLD ORNE .....*Secretary*

JAMES A. WILLIAMS .....*Treasurer*

*Executive Committee:* Norval Neil Luxon, John L. Snell,  
Jerrold Orne

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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

Editor: LAWRENCE F. LONDON

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# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

September, 1970



LIFE MEMBERS  
OF  
FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

NICHOLAS B. ADAMS	FRANK H. KENAN
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DOUGLAS T. HORNER	MISS MITTIE WILEY
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ROBERT B. HOUSE	LOUIS R. WILSON
WILLIAM S. JENKINS	FRED W. WOLFE
ERY KEHAYA	

LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR.

Introduction by Dr. George B. Tindall  
Kenan Professor of History

About a year ago tonight's speaker called my attention to a passage in a book review which somehow tickled his risibilities. It was in a review of Richard Hofstadter's volume, *The Progressive Historians: Turner, Beard, Parrington*, by Robert E. Brown, a historian at Michigan State. "There will be those," Brown wrote, "who will say that Turner, who looked backward to a golden age, was not a true progressive. Others will declare that Parrington was not really a historian but only a *littérateur* who borrowed the mantle of economic history in which to cloak his interpretation of American literature."

I am happy to be able to reverse that statement tonight, in reference to our speaker, and say that Louis Rubin is not only a *littérateur* but also really a historian—and what higher accolade can one bestow? In fact, when that review caught his eye, he was reading the *Journal of Southern History*. Moreover, he has edited one historical work, entitled *And Teach the Freedmen: the Correspondence of Rutherford B. Hayes and the Slater Fund for Negro Education*. And surely no man who can edit the correspondence of Rutherford B. Hayes can be only a *littérateur*.

Of course he is that primarily, but even in his books and essays which focus on literature one finds a particular sensitivity to that peculiar historical consciousness that runs through the writings of the Southern Renaissance. Among these works are *Thomas Wolfe: The Weather of His Youth; The Faraway Country: Writers of the Modern South; The Curious Death of the Novel and Other Essays*; and *The Teller in the Tale*.

But in still other ways Louis Rubin is a man of versatility. He is the author of one novel, *The Golden Weather*, and has another on the way. He has edited a recent and very useful bibliography of Southern literature. For a year in the mid-fifties he was associate editor of the *Richmond News-Leader*; before that, Executive Secretary of the American Studies Association and Assistant Professor of American Civilization at the University of Pennsylvania.

Born in Charleston, he holds a B.A. from Richmond, an M.A. and a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins. He has taught at Hopkins, and



at Hollins College, has been a Fulbright lecturer in France, a Guggenheim fellow, and an ACLS fellow. He is now Professor of English at the University here.

Tonight he will speak to us on "American Black Poets in Search of a Language."

Professor Louis Decimus Rubin, Jr.

# Black American Poets in Search of a Language

LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR.

When James Weldon Johnson, putting together his first book of verse in 1917, entitled the final section "Croons and Jingles," he was making an ironic comment not only upon his own early work but upon the situation of the American poet who was black. For by croons and jingles, Johnson was referring to the modes of poetry in which the black poet was expected to write. He could produce sentimental songs like Johnson's own "Sence You Went Away":

Seems lak to me dat ev'ything is wrong,  
Seems lak to me dat day's jes twice as long,  
Seems lak to me de bird's forgot his song,  
Sence you went away.

Or he could write quaintly comic lyrics like Paul Laurence Dunbar's lines in "When De Co'n Pone's Hot":

Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven  
Seems to settle on de spot.  
When yo' mammy says de blessin'  
An' de co'n pone's hot.

He could, in other words, write what in the case of the black writer was indeed a loaded term: local color literature. When in the years after the Civil War a vast literature of local color grew up, designed principally to exhibit the quaint pastoral of the American regions, the black man was an important ingredient. In the works of such Southern white writers as Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, he was depicted as a simple picturesque creature, a childlike primitive who talked in colorful dialect, exhibited an allegedly racial fondness for unguarded chicken-coops, watermelon and church meetings, and was given to the considered expression of homely truisms. He was cast in the tradition of the blackface minstrel. Poetry, written in dialect and spoken by black primitives, played a considerable role in such literature. Page's "Uncle Gabe's White Folks" was characteristic:

"Live mons'ous high?" Yes, Marster, yes;  
Cut'n' onroyal 'n' gordly dash;  
Eat an' drink till you couldn' res',  
My folks war'n' none o' yo' po'-white-trash;  
Nor, sah, dey was ob high degree—  
Dis heah nigger am quality!



Page's black spokesman existed in order to reinforce the plantation tradition and the racial status quo; the language was designed for that effect. And when the black poet wished to write about the specifics of black experience, he too was expected to use the dialect form, with its implied set of social attitudes. To do otherwise—to write in the ornate literary language of the day, with its reliance upon abstractions and its bloodless idealism—was to adopt a poetic mode that was hardly congenial for imaging the experience of a segment of the American population whose life and thought was neither abstract nor genteel, and was not to be depicted in tones of bloodless ideality. Use of the stilted diction that characterized the poetry of the waning genteel tradition of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries forced the black poet to separate himself from the body of black experience, and move into a realm of language and attitude that was ill equipped for dealing with the particularities of black life in a Jim Crow America. And when he produced such poetry, there was little or no audience for him, because the poetic audience of the day was not especially interested in hearing about the black man's situation when it was not decked out picturesquely in dialect. Thus the black poet, if he would succeed with the American reading public, had to produce what that public expected the black man's poetry to be: croons and jingles. What this meant is summarized by Paul Laurence Dunbar in "The Poet":

He sang of love when earth was young,  
And Love, itself was in his lays.  
But ah, the world, it turned to praise  
A jingle in a broken tongue.

As Dunbar's friend James Weldon Johnson reported, "Often he said to me: 'I've got to write dialect poetry; it's the only way I can get them to listen to me.'" In so saying, Dunbar spoke for all his fellow black writers. Anyone who would seek to understand the poetry and prose of black Americans must keep in mind one central truth: that almost every line they wrote, until comparatively recently, was written to be read by an audience not of other blacks, but of white people.

It may be said, without much exaggeration, that Dunbar was the first black American poet to win and hold a national reputation as poet on the strength of the quality of his poems alone. Writing for a white audience, Dunbar produced work which, however much it may now seem dated and limited, was widely published in the

best magazines. Indeed, he was the first important black literary figure in America, for his third book, *Lyrics of Lowly Life* (1896), won him widespread fame several years before Charles Chesnutt published his first two books of short stories. If Chesnutt's local color fiction seems nowadays to represent more lasting artistic achievement, it may well be because the local color fiction of his day, whether written by whites or blacks, has lasted better than the best poetry of the period, for reasons not so much of talent as of the language conventions in which it was written; certainly Dunbar was during his lifetime even more highly regarded as a poet than Chesnutt was as a writer of fiction. Not only Dunbar but almost all the poets of the 1890s and 1900s have been the victims of a change in critical and popular taste, and if Dunbar is seldom read today, the same may be said of William Vaughn Moody, Trumbull Stickney, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edward Rowland Sill, and almost all of the leading white poets of the turn of the century.

Not only was Dunbar the son of a slave father who escaped from Kentucky into Canada and of a mother freed by the results of the Civil War, but as James Weldon Johnson notes, he was of unmixed Negro ancestry and thereby he constituted an irrefutable argument against the claim, once so commonly advanced, that those black Americans who displayed marked intellectual ability were all part white, and that "whatever extraordinary ability an Aframerican shows is due to an admixture of white blood." It was Dunbar's dialect poems that most intrigued William Dean Howells, and were responsible for his fame. Howells wrote that "there is a precious difference of temperament between the races which it would be a great pity ever to lose, and . . . this is best preserved and most charmingly suggested by Mr. Dunbar in those pieces of his where he studies the moods and traits of his race in its own accent of our English." And, Howells continued, such pieces describe "the range between appetite and emotion, with certain lifts far beyond and above it, which is the range of his race." It was precisely here that Dunbar as a poet was trapped. For he knew very well that his little humorous or pathetic representations of the dialect of uneducated black folk did not come close to imaging in verse "the range of his race." As local color dialect poetry, his was far superior to most of what was being written at the time, whether by black poets or by white poets using blacks as spokesmen. His friend Johnson recognized that he "had cut away much that was coarse and 'niggerish,' and added a deeper tenderness, a higher polish, a more delicate



finish; but also I saw that, nevertheless, practically all of his work in dialect fitted into the traditional mold. Not even he had been able to discard those stereotyped properties of minstrel-stage dialect; the watermelon and the possum. He did, however, disdain to use that other ancient 'prop,' the razor."

Yet what was Dunbar to do? It was his dialect poems that were popular. He had not begun as a dialect poet, but it was as a dialect poet that he had made his reputation. He stated the problem himself:

We wear the mask that grins and lies,  
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes.—  
This debt we pay to human guile;  
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile.  
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

He was writing about the plight of his race in Jim Crow America, but it was equally his plight as a poet. Local color dialect poetry might show pathos, but not militant anger; it might show simple resignation, but not the depths of gloom, for it was designed to exhibit quaintness, and its language and form were molded to the needs of popular pastorage—homely philosophizing by untutored rustics whose simplicity of heart could serve as rebuke to the complexities of urban existence. How did one express the experience of the black man in white America, with its devious subtleties of mask-wearing and its deprivations and resentments, and its triumphs as well, in such rhythms? The most that seemed possible with dialect verse was a poem such as "A Little Christmas Basket," which hints at the vast discrepancy between the idealistic pieties of middle-class America and the dreary reality of black economic servitude:

'T ain't de time to open Bibles an' to lock yo' cellah do',  
'T ain't de time to talk o' bein' good to men;  
If you want to preach a sermon ez you nevah preached befo',  
Preach dat sermon wid a shoat or wid or hen;  
Bein' good is heap sight bettah den a-dallyin' wid sin,  
An' dey ain't nobody roun' dat knows it mo',  
But I t'ink dat 'ligion's sweeter w'en it kind o' mixes in  
Wid a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

The very dialect sweetens the poem into a plaintive plea for alms; nothing of indignation, nothing of pride or rage is possible if the speaking voice in the poem is to be an illiterate, philosophizing uncle. In another such poem, "Speakin' at de Cou'thouse," Dunbar attempts to suggest the gulf between the slogans, promises, and platitudes of a Republican politician who waves the bloody shirt at

an electioneering rally and the indifference of the nation to the black man's second-class citizenship:

W'en he come down to de present,  
Den he made de feathahs fly.  
He des waded in on money,  
An' he played de ta'iff high.  
An' he said de colah question,  
Hit was ovah, solved, an' done.  
Dat de dahky was his brothah,  
Evah blessed mothah's son.  
Well he settled all de trouble  
Dat's been pesterin' de lan',  
Den he sat down mid de cheerin'  
An' de playin' of de ban'.  
I was feelin' moughty happy  
'Twell I hyeahed somebody speak,  
"Well, dat's his side of de bus'ness,  
But you wait for Jones nex' week."

Here the most that the dialect can muster is a wry, folksy skepticism. It is not the part of a person who can speak of trouble as "pesterin' de lan'" to deal with the hypocrisy of political betrayal with the biting cynicism that was demanded. The language of local color dialect has no place for the expression of savage anger or bitter disdain. Attempting to express himself in it, Dunbar was indeed forced to "wear the mask."

Yet the other mode of poetic statement available to Dunbar was, for different reasons, equally as inadequate. The poetry of ideality, the rhymed utterance of abstract pieties that filled the magazines of the waning Genteel Tradition, demanded of its practitioners a stilted poetic diction that was most unsuited for giving image and form to the texture of everyday experience. Literary English designed for reinforcing the idealism of a genteel white audience with edifying abstractions for parlor and lyceum hall was far removed from the circumstance that Paul Laurence Dunbar confronted, or for that matter from the experience of Americans both white and black in an industrializing nation that was reluctantly but inexorably being forced to come to grips with the complex problems of the dawning twentieth century. Restatement of the old ideals in traditional literary language was not sufficient; what was needed was a language that could break through the abstractions and get at the concrete realities, so that American life could be imaged in its emotional impact and not its platitudes. We can see, in Dunbar's poem "We Wear the Mask," quoted above in part, that when he



wrote in the conventional literary diction, what was produced was not evocative insight but rhetoric. However genuine the feeling behind the poem, the language itself could not recreate the feeling so that others might experience it, but could only summarize it as ideas. Such lines as "With torn and bleeding hearts we smile, / And mouth with myriad subtleties" do not really create images showing what Dunbar wishes to show, the black man forced to dissemble and conceal the mortification and outrage he feels. To make their point, such lines require that the reader already share the resentment expressed. They do not create the sense of that resentment by showing a man feeling it.

It is only rarely, in a poem such as "The Haunted Oak," that Dunbar could begin to use the full subtleties of language to express the range of his feelings. In that poem he drew upon the old ballad form, with its traditional folk-language and the convention of simple rural reference. The literary abstractions of the poetry of genteel idealism were muted by the simplicity of the ballad form; yet because he did not have to restrict his vocabulary and sensibility to the dialect of an uneducated primitive, he could come closer to dealing with his experience. It is a poem about a lynching, and though some of its lines are marred by the poet's inability to break away completely from the habit of stating the ideas instead of letting the images embody the story, it contains some of Dunbar's best verse:

They'd charged him with the old, old crime,  
And set him fast in jail;  
Oh, why does the dog howl all night long,  
And why does the night wind wail?  
He prayed his prayer and he swore his oath,  
And he raised his hand to the sky;  
But the beat of hoofs smote on his ear,  
And the steady tread drew nigh.

In its understatement, its irony, and its stark imagery, "The Haunted Oak" is an unusual poem for its time. Though it does not have the compression and poised strength of a poem such as Langston Hughes' "Song to a Dark Girl," it foreshadows something of the artistry with which later black poets could unite social protest and craftsmanship at language. Had Dunbar lived longer—he was only in his early thirties when he died—there is reason to believe that he would have moved further away from his initial reliance upon the ornate literary diction of genteel idealism toward a more muscular simplicity of language. Certain of his short lyrics, such as "At the

Tavern" and "Death," show a virtuosity in language that his earlier work lacks.

What was still to be achieved, however, was the discovery of a language whereby the black poet could render the particular subtleties and urgencies of black American life. James Weldon Johnson, who was two years older than Dunbar, also composed his earlier poetry very much in the two modes that Dunbar used: dialect and literary English. Like Dunbar, Johnson felt the inadequacy of stereotyped dialect very keenly, but he also recognized, without yet knowing what to do about it, the limitations of the ornate literary language of genteel poetry as well. A native of Jacksonville, Florida, Johnson was, unlike Dunbar, a highly educated and widely read man. After teaching high school and qualifying for the Florida bar, he collaborated with his brother Rosamund, a talented musician, in writing popular songs and musical comedy lyrics. Johnson's words to such songs as "Under the Bamboo Tree," "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," and "The Congo Love Song" are still popular today.

Dissatisfied with his poetry, Johnson knew that something was lacking, not only in his poems but in Dunbar's and those of all other black poets as well. (Apparently Johnson did not see the potentialities in the several free verse poems that W. E. B. DuBois was publishing at this time.) Johnson became intrigued with Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*; "I was engulfed and submerged by the book, and set floundering again," he recollected many years later in his brilliant autobiography, *Along This Way*. When Dunbar came to visit him in Jacksonville, he showed him poems he had written after the manner of Whitman. Dunbar "read them through and, looking at me with a queer smile, said, 'I don't like them, and I don't see what you are driving at.'" Taken aback, Johnson got out his copy of *Leaves of Grass* and read him some of the poems he most admired: "There was, at least," he wrote, "some personal consolation in the fact that his verdict was the same on Whitman himself."

Apparently Johnson acquiesced in Dunbar's verdict about his own Whitmanesque verse, for as late as 1917, when he published his own first book of verse, *Fifty Years and Other Poems*, he included in it no work that seems especially akin to the poetry of Walt Whitman. That volume did contain his memorable "O Black and Unknown Bards," however, in which, writing in the formal literary English of the day, he achieved an almost classic precision and simplicity of utterance. There was also skillful dialect poetry. But



Johnson was still dissatisfied. As he wrote later, "Negro dialect poetry had its origin in the minstrel traditions, and a persisting pattern was set. When the individual writer attempted to get away from that pattern, the fixed conventions allowed him only to slip over into a slough of sentimentality. These conventions were not broken for the simple reason that the individual writers wrote chiefly to entertain an outside audience, and in concord with its stereotyped ideas about the Negro."

What was needed was what Johnson discovered while in Kansas City in 1918, when he was engaged in field work for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. On a Sunday evening, after having already given four talks to Negro church groups, he heard a famed black evangelist give a sermon:

He was a dark brown man, handsome in his gigantic proportions. I think the presence of a 'distinguished visitor' on the platform disconcerted him a bit, for he started in to preach a formal sermon from a formal text. He was flat. The audience sat apathetic and dozing. He must have realized that he was neither impressing the 'distinguished visitor' nor giving the congregation what it expected; for, suddenly and without any warning for the transition, he slammed the bible shut, stepped out from behind the pulpit, and began intoning the rambling Negro sermon that begins with the creation of the world, touches various high spots in the trials and tribulations of the Hebrew children, and ends with the Judgment Day. There was an instantaneous change in the preacher and in the congregation. He was free, at ease, and the complete master of himself and his hearers. The congregation responded to him as a willow to the winds. He strode the pulpit up and down, and brought into play the full gamut of a voice that excited my envy. He intoned, he moaned, he pleaded—he blared, he crashed, he thundered. A woman sprang to her feet, uttered a piercing scream, threw her handbag to the pulpit, striking the preacher full in the chest, whirled round several times, and fainted. The congregation reached a state of ecstasy. I was fascinated by this exhibition; moreover, something primordial in me was stirred. Before the preacher finished, I took a slip of paper from my pocket and somewhat surreptitiously jotted down some ideas for my . . . poem.

Johnson saw now that he had been looking in the wrong place for his idiom. The place to find the diction and pattern of imagery and idiom for a poetry that could embody the experience of black Americans was not in the convention of dialect poetry, for that was not black experience, but a caricature of it written to fulfill the expectations of a white audience. Neither was the literary English of the poetry of idealism a suitable vehicle; its demands, expectations and

vocabulary were alien to the racial idiom. The model must instead be the folk tradition of black America itself, with its own cadences and metaphors. As he declared a few years afterward in his introduction to *The Book of American Negro Poetry*, "What the colored poet in the United States needs to do is something like what Synge did for the Irish: he needs to find a form that will express the racial spirit by symbols from within rather than by symbols from without, such as the mere mutilation of English spelling and pronunciation. He needs a form that is freer and larger than dialect, but which will still hold the racial flavor; a form expressing the imagery, the idioms, the peculiar turns of thought, and the distinctive humor and pathos, too, of the Negro, but which will also be capable of voicing the deepest and highest emotions and aspirations, and allow of the widest range of subjects and the widest scope of treatment."

The poem that Johnson produced as the result of what he discovered that evening in Kansas City was "The Creation," published in *The Freeman* for December 1, 1920, and later the basis for his book of seven black sermons, *God's Trombones* (1927). The very first three stanzas authoritatively set the mood and tone:

And God stepped out on space,  
And he looked around and said;  
I'm lonely—  
I'll make me a world.

As far as the eye of God could see  
Darkness covered everything.  
Blacker than a hundred midnights  
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,  
And the light broke.  
And the darkness rolled up on one side,  
And the light stood shining on the other,  
And God said: That's good!

In place of the singsong rhymings and the contrived semi-literacy of cotton-field dialect, here was the flowing, pulsating rise and fall of living speech, making its own emphases and intensifications naturally, in terms of the meaning, not as prescribed by an artificial, pre-established pattern of sing-song metrics and rhyme. Here indeed was the influence of Walt Whitman, not woodenly imitated but used creatively and freely. Instead of abstract rhetorical platitudes couched in ornate literary English, there was colloquial speech—"I'll make me a world." Colloquial in the true sense, however, because drawn from the actual language of men and women, not the



self-conscious cutenesses of dialect. Nor was there any self-imposed limitation on emotion: "Blacker than a hundred midnights / Down in a cypress swamp" was language and metaphor that was at once expansive and natural. The diction, the cadence, the range of feeling permitted a freedom of metaphor and a flexibility of language and imagery that allowed him to express his meanings in a voice that could move from formal intensity to colloquial informality and then back again, without confusion or incongruity:

And there the great God Almighty  
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,  
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,  
Who rounded the earth in the middle of his hand;  
This Great God,  
Like a mammy bending over her baby,  
Kneeled down in the dust  
Toiling over a lump of clay  
Till he shaped it in his own image . . .

To realize the potentialities and possibilities of the new form that Johnson discovered with "The Creation," one need only compare such a stanza with lines from several of the poems in *Fifty Years and Other Poems*. Here are the opening lines of "Prayer at Sunrise":

O mighty, powerful, dark-dispelling sun,  
Now thou art risen, and thy day begun.  
How shrink the shrouding mists before thy face,  
As up thou spring'st to thy diurnal race!

The contrived stiffness of diction of this poem, with its ornate literary idiom, its forced imagery and sententious attitudinizing, seems artificial and lifeless by comparison with the far greater force and natural intensity of "The Creation." Contrast "Now thou art risen, and thy day begun" with "Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky"; not only is the metaphor of God lighting the sun as if it were a lantern far more striking than anything in the other line, but the desired sense of power and vastness comes across far more convincingly.

Now compare the lines from "The Creation" to these lines of an early dialect poem by Johnson entitled "A Plantation Bacchanal":

W'en ole Mister Sun gits tiah'd a-hangin'  
High up in de sky;  
W'en der ain't no thunder and light'nin' a-bangin'  
An' de crop'd done all laid by . . .

The need to make the idea picturesque and quaint by referring to "Ole Mister Sun" who "gets tiah'd" robs it of almost all potentiality

for dramatic intensity and wonder. The fact that the speaker must express himself in folksy images designed to exhibit his unlettered, primitive status thoroughly dissipates any chance for serious commentary. The best that can be managed with such a speaker is homely philosophizing. By contrast, the language of "The Creation" can permit simple and authentic colloquial diction—"the most far corner of the night," "Like a mammy bending over her baby"—while also allowing for great intensity—"Who flung the stars," "Toiling over a lump of clay."

With "The Creation," Johnson had indeed achieved a momentous breakthrough in the search of the black American poet for his proper language. Here at last was a way to deal with the unique particularities of black experience, while at the same time achieving the dignity and intensity of imaginative literary utterance. In his own way, Johnson had pointed the way toward a discovery for the black poet fully as useful as that which the Chicago poets and, more importantly, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound were making for American poetry in general: he had found the idiom for writing important poetry about the circumstances of twentieth-century American life.

Though Johnson went on, in the middle and late 1920s, to add six more sermons to "The Creation" and complete the book he entitled *God's Trombones*, it cannot be said that he himself chose to follow up and develop the implications of what he had been first to discover. Johnson was never a full time poet; he wrote verse only intermittently, and by far the greater part of his energies was devoted to his work with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Feeling as he clearly did that his formidable intellect and irrepressible energies could best be utilized in leading the legal and moral fight to ameliorate the painful conditions under which the vast majority of black Americans were forced to live as second-class citizens in a nation in which Jim Crow laws still went almost unchallenged, Johnson had little time for the writing of verse. Save for the six-part poem he entitled "St. Peter Relates an Incident," and a few other shorter poems, he produced no additional poetry. It would be left to other and younger men and women to create the poetry of twentieth-century black America. But it was Johnson, more than any other man, who opened the path, and the achievement that followed was in an important sense possible because of what he first demonstrated. The leading poets who came afterward—Toomer, Hughes, Tolson, Hayden,



Brooks, Jones—can truly be said to have followed along James Weldon Johnson's way.

The poet in whom the long search for a language that could image black American experience comes to full fruition, it seems to me, is Jean Toomer. The total output of this fascinating poet's work is slight indeed; he produced but one book, an almost unclassifiable volume entitled *Cane*, made up of a sequence of prose sketches of black people interwoven with lyric poems. *Cane* appeared in 1923; shortly thereafter its author dropped out of public view, and until his death 44 years later, he did not again publish a book of poetry or fiction. He was never able to repeat the success of *Cane*. Yet the thirteen poems interspersed throughout *Cane* surpass, in mastery of technique, richness of language and imagery, and passionate imagination, that of almost all black poets before Langston Hughes, and remain among the most distinguished literary achievement of the race.

His language is sensuous, steeped in the things of the earth, vibrant with rhythm:

O Negro slaves, dark purpled ripened plums,  
Squeezed, and bursting in the pine-wood air,  
Passing, before they stripped the old tree bare  
One plum was saved for me, one seed becomes  
An everlasting song, a singing tree,  
Caroling softly souls of slavery.  
What they were, and what they are to me,  
Caroling softly souls of slavery.

He found the toilsome life of his people in the rural South both exotic and dignified, growing out of a rich, fascinating past:

Meanwhile, the men, with vestiges of pomp,  
Race memories of king and caravan,  
High priests, an ostrich, and a juju-man,  
Go singing through the footpaths of the swamp.

Their voices rise . . . the pine trees are guitars,  
Strumming, pine-needles fall like sheets of rain . . .  
Their voices rise . . . the chorus of the cane  
Is caroling a vesper to the stars . . .

Though, as Saunders Redding says, Toomer's work was "a lesson in emotional release and freedom," and "through all its prose and poetry gushes a subjective tide of love," he was not afraid of protest, as in these lines from "Portrait in Georgia," so savage in their metaphoric statement:

Hair—braided chestnut,  
coiled like a lyncher's rope.

and the stark, shocking conclusion:

. . . her slim body, white as the ash  
of black flesh after flame.

But Toomer was after more than protest; his goal was the assertion of identity, the uninhibited, flagrant celebration of human life and love:

then with your tongue remove the tape  
and press your lips to mine  
till they are incandescent

With Jean Toomer, black American poetry had come of age. The lesson of Johnson—that the black poet must look to “symbols from within rather than . . . symbols from without” to express the racial spirit, in a form “freer and larger than dialect” which could express “the imagery, the idioms, the peculiar turns of thought, and the distinctive humor and pathos . . . of the Negro, but which will also be capable of voicing the deepest and highest emotions and aspirations”—had been learned. Henceforth the poetry of black Americans would be praised not because it was written by black men, but because it was black. The path was now open for the Harlem Renaissance, and for all that followed.



# Report of the Secretary

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

With the advent of the triumvirate operating direction of the Friends of the Library organization, the work of the Secretary has been reduced to a minimum. For this I wish to express my enduring gratitude to Dr. Isaac Copeland, Mr. William Powell, and Dr. Lawrence London who have given much time and effort to planning this meeting and to other work in the interest of the Friends.

Largely through their efforts, the guidance of our elected officers and others too numerous to cite, the membership now numbers 229, and our treasury is in good state. We have lost some members forever; notably Mr. O. C. Carmichael, Mr. Bowman Gray, The Reverend I. Harding Hughes, Mrs. Malcolm Johnston, Mrs. Grace Whitaker Kehaya, and Mr. A. H. London. To replace these and others who have left us for other and varied reasons, many new names now appear on the roster and the rolls reflect solid and determined support for the development of our Library.

Since many of our members are in distant places and others have commitments to important functions which have kept them from joining us for the annual meeting, we have notes of regrets and greetings from Governor Robert W. Scott, Miss Gertrude Weil, James G. Hanes, Joseph E. Pogue, Robert B. House, J. Harold Lineberger and many others. We value their participation in spirit when it is not possible in presence. We are ever aware that neither large numbers nor physical presence constitute the fundamental strength of this organization. That strength lies in the conviction of each member that the University Library is important to the University and deserves his or her devotion and concern. We never know when a good word spoken by a Friend of the Library will touch exactly the right spot at the right time, and we gain constant strength in sometimes unpredictable ways.

Our library has had a good year, with notably improved support for building the collections, and good balance in funding for personnel and other functions of the library. Increasingly grave problems of space for graduate study, faculty research and books have been recognized by our administrative officers in the high priority given the proposed addition to Wilson Library in the 1971-73 capital improvements budget proposal. If this proposal does not

succeed in the forthcoming legislature, we will be in a truly desperate state.

The fine contributions of our Friends, both in materials and money are greatly appreciated. It warms the cockles of a librarian's heart to see this continuing flow of every kind of expression of good will, all the more in a time when our whole world is sorely tried by dissent, disaffection, and destruction. I am grateful to all of you and am privileged here to speak for all of us in recording our gratitude on this occasion.

JERROLD ORNE  
*Secretary*



# Report of the Treasurer

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

April 30, 1970

<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 30, 1969	\$ 3,239.91
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### *Receipts*

Donations by members	2,323.83
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	\$ 5,563.74

### *Expenditures*

Annual Dinner (1969)	\$ 503.74	
Bookmark	373.89	
Printing Program, Etc.	25.46	
Library Books	784.96	
	<hr/>	
	\$ 1,688.05	\$ 1,688.05
		<hr/>

<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 30, 1970	\$ 3,875.69
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Submitted May 6, 1970

JOHN L. TEMPLE  
*Treasurer*

# Report of the Nominating Committee

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

The Nominating Committee submits the following slate of officers for the year 1970-1971:

*For Chairman:* Professor Norval Neil Luxon for the term of three years.

*For Vice-Chairman:* Mr. William Terry Couch for the term of three years.

*For Secretary:* Dr. Jerrold Orne.

*For Treasurer:* Mr. John Lewis Temple.

*Honorary Chairman:* Mr. James G. Hanes.

*Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten.

For life membership in the Friends the Committee is pleased to nominate the following persons in recognition of their generosity to the University Library:

Miss Susan G. Akers

Dr. Frank Porter Graham

Miss Cornelia S. Love

Mrs. Roland McClamroch

Mr. J. Laurence Sprunt

JOSEPH C. SLOANE

WILLIAM S. POWELL

FLETCHER M. GREEN, *Chairman*





A SELECTION OF NOTABLE GIFTS  
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY RECEIVED SINCE MAY 1969

During the past year the Rare Book Collection has acquired through the William A. Whitaker Foundation an important and unusual type of manuscript, a lead tablet. Discovered at Gela in Sicily, it has been tentatively dated as belonging to the fifth century B.C. The tablet, measuring two and one half by six inches, has an inscription on each side. The writing on the first side relates to financial matters, a relatively uncommon type of inscription for the period. The reverse of the tablet contains a curse (*defixio*) which appears to have been written later. While lead tablets were frequently used for curses, this one is unusual in its length and terminology. A graduate student in the Department of Classics is now at work deciphering the script with the plan to use it as a part of a doctoral dissertation.

Mrs. Preston Davie, of New York, has given the Rare Book Collection a significant classical manuscript from the library of her late husband, Preston Davie, a life member of the Friends. The manuscript, the *Satirae* of Juvenal, was written in Italy in 1467. It contains sixteen satires written on eighty-one leaves and is bound in original vellum. Each satire has a rubricated heading.

Since the last meeting of the Friends, Mrs. Roland McClamroch, of Chapel Hill, has presented the University Library a valuable collection of books from the library of her late husband, Roland McClamroch, U.N.C. class of 1920, and one-time Professor of English in the University. The gift contains two hundred and eight titles of twentieth century British and American poetry, criticism, and literary biography, and ninety-one titles published by the Limited Editions Club. Included in the poetry collection are first editions of W. H. Auden, C. Day-Lewis, Walter De La Mare, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Robert Graves, A. E. Housman, Robinson Jeffers, James Joyce, Archibald MacLeish, John Masefield, Marianne Moore, Dorothy Parker, Ezra Pound, E. A. Robinson, Stephen Spender, and W. B. Yeats. Some of the titles are signed by the author and a few are issued in limited editions. All of the books are in mint condition, many in their original dust jackets.

The collection of publications of the Limited Editions Club contains examples of fine binding and printing as well as the work of important illustrators. Among the best illustrated books are



Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil*, with the drawings of Jacob Epstein; *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, illustrated by Pablo Picasso; Hugh Thomson's illustrations for *The Cricket on the Hearth* by Charles Dickens; *Punch and Judy* with colored illustrations by George Cruikshank; and Oscar Wilde's *Salome* with drawings by Aubrey Beardsley.

With funds provided by the William A. Whitaker Foundation, a number of significant incunabula have been added to the Rare Book Collection. Among these are:

*Enarrationes Satyrarum Juvenalis* of Giorgio Merula, published at Venice by Gabriele di Pietro in 1478

Sebastianus Baduarius's *Oratio ad Alexandrum VI Pont. Max.*, a profession of fealty and eulogy of Pope Alexander VI, printed by Stephan Planck at Rome in 1492

*Historia Romana* by Appianus of Alexandria, published by Peregrinus de Pasqualibus at Scandiano in 1495

*Figure Biblie* clarissimi viri Fratris Antonii de Rapengolis, a biblical commentary, printed in 1496 at Venice by Georgius Arrivabenus

*Orationes et Poemata* of Filippo Beroaldo, Brescia, Angelus Britannicus, 1497, contains letters by Beroaldo as well as Latin translations of poems by Petrarch and Boccaccio, and

*Expositio Hymno cu Familiari Cômento*, with rubricated initials and manuscript notes in margins, was published by Heinrich Quentell in 1499 at Cologne.

Other titles of significance acquired through the Whitaker Foundation include:

*De Oratore ad Quintu fratrem libri tres*, by Marcus Tullius Cicero. Venice, 1520.

*De Deche delle Tito Livio Volgare, delle Storie Romane*. Venice, 1535.

*Prognosticorum Hippocratis Coi Libri Tres*, Paris, 1543.

*Le Prose di M. Pietro Bembo. Nelle Quali si Ragiona della Volgar Lingua*, Venice, 1557.

Boccaccio's *Libro delle Donne Illustri*. Translated from the Latin into Italian by Giuseppe Betussi, Venice, 1558.

*De Remediis Morborum Omnium Particularibus* of Marcus Gatinaria, Venice, 1560.

*Discorso della Religione Antica de Romani*, by Guillaume Du Choul, Lyon, 1569.

Andrea Alciati's *Diverse Imprese Accomodate a Diverse Moraltà*, Lyon, 1576, contains one hundred and eighty emblems, including the series "Arbori."

*De Gli Inventori delle Cose Libri Otto*, by Polydorus Vergilius, Florence, 1587.

The Samuel Johnson-James Boswell Collection has received some notable additions in the past year. The rarest of these is *Proposals for Printing, by subscription, the Dramatick Works of William Shakespeare*, by Samuel Johnson. London, Tonson, 1756. Only six copies of this eight page pamphlet have been located in English and American libraries. It is not only one of the rarest but one of the most important titles in the Johnson canon. Johnson's edition of Shakespeare's plays was not published until 1765, nine years after the *Proposals*. Other titles by Samuel Johnson recently added to the collection include: *The False Alarm*, second edition, London, 1770; the first Irish edition of *Political Tracts*, Dublin, 1777; *Thoughts on the Late Transactions Respecting Falkland's Islands*, second edition, London, 1771; fourth edition in two volumes of *A Dictionary of the English Language*, Dublin, 1775; a new edition of *The Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* in four volumes, London, 1783; and Johnson's *Debates in Parliament*, London, 1787.

Included in the acquisitions made through the Whitaker Foundation of nineteenth and twentieth century first editions are: *Biographia Literaria or Biographical Sketches of My Literary Life and Opinions*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, London, 1817; *The Posthumous Poems of Percy B. Shelley*, London, 1824; Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, six volumes, London, 1819-1824; *Is He Popenjoy?* by Anthony Trollope, three volumes, London, 1878; *Mark Twain's Sketches, New and Old*, Hartford, 1875; *Wessex Poems and Other Verses*, by Thomas Hardy, London, 1898; George Moore's, *The Lake*, London, 1905; *The Pigeon, a fantasy in three acts*, by John Galsworthy, London, 1912; Robert Penn Warren's first book, *John Brown: the Making of a Martyr*, New York, 1929; *Flush*, by Virginia Woolf, London, 1933; and *Taps at Reveille*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, New York, 1935.

The Rare Book Collection continues to add to its fine collection of facsimile editions of manuscripts and rare books otherwise unattainable. The manuscript, *Liber Floridus* by Lambert of Saint Omer, is a good example of this type of publication. It was printed



in facsimile at Ghent in 1968 as part of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the State University of Ghent. The *Liber Floridus* is a compendium of the current knowledge of the world with many contemporary illustrations executed by several different illuminators. It was composed over a period of years and completed in 1120.

Another facsimile of a medieval manuscript is that of *Die Weingartner Liederhandschrift*, published in two volumes at Stuttgart by Müller und Schindler in 1969. The first volume is a full-color facsimile of a thirteenth century manuscript. It contains poems by more than thirty minnesingers, including such well known names as Wolfram von Eschenbach, Friderich von Husen, and Walter von der Vogelwaide, with twenty-five colored miniatures which are supposed to represent the singers. The second volume includes descriptive material and an annotated transcription of the text.

An example of an excellent facsimile of a very rare book is that of *Mathematical Collections and Translations* by Thomas Salusbury, originally published in London by William Leybourn, two volumes, in 1661-1665. The work is composed of some of the most significant early works in the history of science, including material by Galileo, Descartes, Kepler, Archimedes, Castelli, and Foscarini. Thomas Salusbury's translations have been edited by Stillman Drake, Professor of the History of Science at the University of Toronto, who has contributed an introduction giving the history and significance of each of the works included in the collection.

Through the generosity of Mr. James G. Kenan, of Atlanta, Georgia, (U.N.C. class of 1932), the Southern Historical Collection has acquired a valuable group of papers of the families of Elisha Alexander Perkins (1823-1897) and of his brother, Robert Caldwell Perkins (1825-1904). These brothers operated a large farm known as "Pleasant Valley" on John's River in Burke County, North Carolina. The Perkins Papers include family letters from persons in Georgia and North Carolina spanning a period of three generations. The most interesting and significant part of the collection is the Civil War correspondence, official papers, and diary for 1863 and 1865 of Captain Elisha A. Perkins, forty-first North Carolina regiment, C.S.A., while serving in Virginia and coastal North Carolina. Among the papers of Robert C. Perkins in the collection are business correspondence and accounts relating to farming; official papers relative to various local offices held by him;

and a journal of his trip with others from Burke County in 1852 to California via Cuba and Panama.

During the past year Mrs. Edward S. Orgain, of Durham, North Carolina, gave the Southern Historical Collection a large group of correspondence and other papers of her father, Kemp Plummer Lewis (1880-1952). The papers relate to Mr. Lewis' activities as an executive of the Erwin Cotton Mills of Durham from 1900 to 1952, official of the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers Association, banker, civic leader, and active Episcopal layman. In the family correspondence are letters from his half-sister, Miss Nell Battle Lewis, a long-time columnist for the *Raleigh News and Observer*.

Other twentieth century papers donated to the Southern Historical Collection include the correspondence of Mr. William T. Couch, former director of the University of North Carolina Press and the University of Chicago Press, editor and author; the papers of Mr. Gordon Gray, former President of the University, relating to his service in the North Carolina State Senate in 1939 and 1941; correspondence, not yet open for use, of Dr. W. Critz George of the University of North Carolina School of Medicine; and substantial additions to the papers of Jonathan Daniels, Luther H. Hodges, and Frank Porter Graham.

Through the good offices of Kenan Professor Richmond P. Bond, the papers and collections of Professor Charles Kerby-Miller, scholar, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, have been given to the Manuscripts Department of the Library. The collection is concerned with printers and publishers, newspapers and periodicals, and freedom of the press in Great Britain, 1630-1735. In addition to the notebooks of Professor Kerby-Miller, it includes microfilms of bibliographical aids and of rare newspapers, periodicals, books, and pamphlets.

Among the rarities added by the North Carolina Collection in the past year are: a German edition of Thomas Hariot's *Briefe and True Report, Wunderbarliche Doch Warhafftige Ecklarung von der Gelegenheit und Sitten der Wilden in Virginia*, with engravings of John White's drawings in color, Frankfort, 1590; a facsimile edition of *The British Empire in America* by John Oldmixon, 1673-1742, New York, 1969; *Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh*, London, John Redmayne for M. Sheares, 1664; and number twenty-two of a limited and signed edition of *The Lucidities: Sixteen in Visionary Company*, with drawings by John Turnival, London, Turret Books, 1968.





LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDS AND OTHERS  
WHOSE GIFTS OF BOOKS AND MATERIALS HAVE  
ENRICHED THE LIBRARY'S HOLDINGS  
SINCE MAY 1969

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Jack N. Behrman	Herschel R. Harrington
C. Richie Bell	Luther H. Hodges
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E. Willis Brooks	Dr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Jenkins
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J. B. Cheshire	Sturgis E. Leavitt
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Robert A. Miller  
H. L. Mitchell  
John W. Norwood  
Lindsay S. Olive  
Mrs. E. S. Orgain  
Jerrold Orne  
C. Beatty Overman  
Arvella Payne  
Mrs. Ralph M. Payne  
William N. Penfield  
Francisco Perez-Sanchez  
Catharine Jones Pierce  
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Corydon P. Spruill  
George Stephenson, Jr.  
Mary P. Stephenson  
Albrecht B. Strauss  
Mrs. Bertha B. Strauss  
Edgar A. Terrell  
Joseph Miller Thomas  
Mary L. Thornton  
Robert B. Thum  
Robert G. Tischer  
Paul J. Vanderwood  
Wallace Wesley  
Richard Walser  
Fred C. Wardlaw  
Manly Wade Wellman  
A. B. Whitefield  
K. M. Wilbur  
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Paul Wyche

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

*Any interested person may become a member of the Friends of the Library. Student members pay \$2.00 annually; contributing members \$5.00 annually; associate members \$10.00 annually; sustaining members \$25.00 annually; patron members \$100 annually. Life members give \$1000 in money or material of unusual value.*



FRIENDS  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
LIBRARY

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JERROLD ORNE ..... *Secretary*

JOHN L. TEMPLE ..... *Treasurer*

*Executive Committee:* Norval Neil Luxon, John L. Snell,  
Jerrold Orne

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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

Editor: LAWRENCE F. LONDON

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NS7471

# THE BOOKMARK

*Friends of the University of North Carolina Library*

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Chapel Hill

September, 1971



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## DR. EDWARD WILLIAM PHIFER, JR.

Introduction by Dr. W. Reece Berryhill,  
Sarah Graham Kenan Professor of Medicine  
and Emeritus Dean of the School of Medicine

Mr. Chairman, Friends of the Library, and guests:

I am deeply grateful to Dr. Copeland for the invitation to present the speaker for this annual meeting of the Friends of the Library—a former student in the School of Medicine and a friend of many years.

Dr. Edward William Phifer, Jr. is a native of Burke County where his roots are deep and extensive. His father was one of the founders of the Grace Hospital in Morganton. Dr. Phifer, Jr. is the senior surgeon and currently Chief of Staff of this excellent institution. He has played an important role in the planning of the new and enlarged Grace Hospital now under construction.

Dr. Phifer, as was his father, is a graduate of Davidson College, and is a member of its Board of Trustees. He entered the University of North Carolina School of Medicine in 1933 (two-year school), the year I returned as a member of the faculty, and graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1937. On completion of his graduate training in surgery (internship and residency) at the Yale-New Haven and the Long Island College hospitals, he returned to Morganton to practice general surgery. Over the years he has contributed much of lasting value to human welfare as an excellent surgeon and as a wise leader of the community.

I do not know when Ned first became a student of history, or how he has found the time, as a busy surgeon and a community leader, to continue this interest in a productive and satisfying fashion. His historical research during the past few years has resulted in the publication of several articles in the *North Carolina Historical Review* dealing with Burke County. For his article "Slavery in Microcosm: Burke County, North Carolina" Dr. Phifer was awarded the Charles Ramsdell prize for the best paper published in the *Journal of Southern History* for 1961-1962.

To me it is very gratifying and a source of pride that two former students in this medical school—both excellent surgeons—have become students of history as well, Dr. Phifer and Dr. Gordon Dugger of our faculty. Incidentally, both men are natives of the mountain region of North Carolina, for whatever that may



imply, and both are on the Executive Board of the State Department of Archives and History.

So, Adair and Ned, we are delighted to welcome you back to the University this evening. We are intrigued by the title of your talk—"Beside the Still Waters: a Brief Plea for the Contemplative Life"—which is highly indicated in these troubled times.

**BESIDE THE STILL WATERS:**  
**A BRIEF PLEA**  
**FOR THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE**

By Dr. Edward W. Phifer, Jr.

It is indeed an honor for me to appear before you this evening. When Dr. Copeland wrote on behalf of Dr. London, Mr. Powell, and himself asking that I speak to your annual dinner meeting, he had this to say about the topic of my address: "Since first meeting you I have been intrigued that you, a busy physician, found the time to be a historian. How did you happen to select the writing of history as a avocation, and what have been your problems, or interesting moments, in the process? Perhaps your experiences in using libraries?—A talk embodying answers to these queries would, I am sure, be interesting." So tonight I shall endeavor to reveal to you how, by happenstance, I came to be here, a purely local historian masquerading—for a moment, at least—as a man of letters, whirling around in the world of the mind, the world of the scholar, the world of books, and manuscripts, and prints, and broadsides, and maps, and folios. My remarks will be largely autobiographical; and here, although it may be in poor taste, I will certainly be on safe ground, for it is obvious that I know more about my own experiences than does anyone else. In truth, it is the one field in which I am authoritative. I suppose this is why so many people have an autobiographical itch. They don't have to research for subject matter. It has been said that Thomas Wolfe's writings were largely autobiographical and he seems to have become quite proficient as a writer; so it occurred to me that I might be excused for trying a similar approach. Then too, I have a definite feeling that when one in making a talk such as this—in Chapel Hill—he should quote something from Thomas Wolfe, or at least mention Wolfe—if he has any hope whatsoever of impressing his audience. Now—having done so—I will move on to what I really intended to talk about in the first place, namely: how I became interested in history and, in a small way, the writing of history. In due course, I also plan to say a few kind words about what I've chosen to call the contemplative life—or, perhaps better still, the life of the mind. This is the life that only the scholar enjoys fully, but which others of us glimpse occasionally as we thrash about in the world of the flesh.

I'm not a scholar in the true sense of the word, but I am, like most of you here tonight, a friend of scholars and a bibliophile. My love for books dates back to my early childhood and can



be attributed largely to the guidance of my father and a widowed aunt. My father was an omnivorous reader and my aunt was well grounded in the classics and in English literature. They both read to me regularly until I learned to read myself. Moreover, they read books to me that they enjoyed reading for the second time themselves. Between the two, they owned a fairly good collection—predominantly fiction. After I began to read myself, my aunt continued to guide me. She showed an unfaltering interest in my reading program, procured lists of recommended books for children of my age, and continually made suggestions as to what I should read next. I recall vividly the splendid adventures of my childhood in the world of the mind. I read *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates* and *Robinson Crusoe*, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Lorna Doone*, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Ivanhoe*, *Rob Roy* and the other Waverly Novels, almost all of Dickens', *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, Hawthorne's short stories, *Tom Brown's School Days* and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and Owen Johnson's wonderful stories about Dink Stover at Lawrenceville School and at Yale. A little later I read Sherlock Holmes, Poe's short stories, Brete Harte's stories and poems, *Les Misérables*, and Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker Tales*. I read Shakespeare's comedies dutifully but I weakened on *Hamlet*, *MacBeth*, and *King Lear*. Good books were hard to come by in those days but the Presbyterian minister in our town had a good library; so my aunt made arrangements for me to borrow books from him. He was a seemingly stern man and the first time I went to his house he handed me *Napoleon and His Marshalls*, *The Life of John Knox*, and Ida M. Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (in two volumes). I read the Lincoln biography and was fascinated by it. It was the first major non-fiction work, other than my Sunday School lessons, that I recall reading. I made no attempt to read the other two works he had given me, and, in spite of my aunt's urgings, I never borrowed any of his books again. When I was about thirteen years old, a public library was established in our community in one upstairs room of a downtown office building. I went there once or twice and was always directed to Tom Swift or the Bobbsey Twins. I never had liked the sound of the word Bobbsey and Tom Swift was pretty pallid stuff after Huck Finn and Natty Bumppo. As I recollect, the first historical work I ever read outside of school was Parkman's *Oregon Trail*, and shortly thereafter, I read Claude Bower's *Tragic Era*, which made such a profound

imprint on me that no amount of revisionism by highly competent modern-day historians has ever—try as I may to be open-minded—changed my concept of Reconstruction.

I attended Davidson College and graduated during the depths of the Great Depression with a major in economics and a minor in English—and perhaps political science. I don't remember for sure. My father had cautioned me against taking a strict pre-medical course in my undergraduate years even if I planned eventually to study medicine. He felt that if one studied more than the minimum requirements of basic science in college it would take the freshness out of the medical subjects, would result in much repetition, and would add little to one's general education. From my point of vantage, I think he was right. Therefore, after Davidson, I took all the required basic science courses in one post-graduate year here at Chapel Hill, and entered the old University of North Carolina two-year medical school.

Early in my second year at the medical school, an incident occurred which proved to me in a very pragmatic way that almost any kind of knowledge might prove advantageous at one time or another. The major disadvantage of attending a two-year medical school was the bugaboo of transfer. The competition was fierce and I had my heart set on transferring to Harvard Medical School for my final two years. Each four-year school took only two or three transfer students annually from Chapel Hill, and there were about thirty-five in my class. Now, it was generally known among the medical students that Dr. William DeB. MacNider had the greatest influence with the Harvard admissions office; in truth, other things being anywhere near equal, he was the man who decided which students would transfer to Harvard. During one of his wonderful, rambling, pharmacology lectures he casually remarked that he was notoriously inept at remembering dates and added, somewhat facetiously, that he could only remember when the Battle of Hastings was fought. He asked if anyone in the class knew. I did. So since I happened to remember 1066, I came to know Dr. Billy intimately, and to admire him immensely. Furthermore, I transferred to Harvard Medical School the following autumn.

For me, those were busy, hectic years that followed, with little time for general reading or thoughtful speculation. Medical education, surgical training, and military service during World War II occupied my energies to the fullest. Yet during this period I studied and worked under a series of medical scholars who them-



selves enjoyed the privileges of the contemplative life. Foremost among these was Dr. Samuel C. Harvey, Professor of Surgery at the Yale School of Medicine and Chief of the Surgical Service at the New Haven Hospital. Dr. Harvey had been stricken with recurring sieges of pulmonary tuberculosis, which, in those days, required long periods of sanatorium care and bed rest. These interludes, although unfortunate, did afford him ample time to delve into various disciplines, both inside and outside the field of medicine, and thereby adventitiously, contributed to his stature as a brilliant teacher and humane scholar. I remember also, that while in New Haven, I had occasion to read Harvey Cushing's *Life of Sir William Osler* and at about the same time to read the lives of two highly successful surgeons: John B. Murphy of Chicago and the Englishman from Leeds, Sir Berkeley Moynihan. I could not help but note the aura of warmth, charm, and tenderness that permeated the image of the contemplative, liberally-educated physician, Osler, and how that image sharply contrasted with the sterile impression conveyed by the images of these two skilled technicians. Nor could I, in a similar manner, resist the temptation to contrast the lives of these two busy surgeons with the *Life of William Stewart Halsted* by W. G. MacCallum which I found time to read not long after. Halsted was the first professor of surgery at Johns Hopkins Medical School and has been generally credited with being the creator of the modern American school of surgery. As a young surgeon he became addicted to cocaine while experimenting with its use as a local anesthetic. There is some doubt as to whether he ever overcame this addiction, but, as a matter of fact, says Wilder Penfield: "Other writers have claimed that it was William Halsted's fierce struggle against cocaine and his periods of withdrawn contemplation that explained the unique stature of his leadership in surgery." During the time that I was receiving my medical education I came in contact with others in the medical field who frequented the life of the mind, but I must tear myself away from them and return, ever so reluctantly, to our main character.

One day while serving overseas during World War II, I picked up a paperback novel by McKinley Kantor called *Long Remember* and, in reading it, became interested in the description of the events surrounding the Battle of Gettysburg, which furnished the backdrop for this work. I then read Douglas Southall Freeman's biography of Robert E. Lee (2 volumes) and his exhaustive work entitled *Lee's Lieutenants* (4 volumes). By this time, I was steeped

in Civil War history. Soon after returning to the States and entering medical practice, I made a concentrated study of the role of Burke County troops at Gettysburg, visited the battleground, and eventually prepared a talk, with slides, which I presented to my wife's book club, and following this major triumph, I gave repeat performances at several civic clubs.

Not long after this, Dr. Reece Berryhill spoke at a dinner meeting of the county medical society in Morganton. I had known Dr. Berryhill since my medical school days and had always held him in high regard. On this occasion, he compared the modern doctor with the physician of the past who, although not blessed with the scientific expertise of the present day practitioner, almost invariably was an intellectual and cultural leader in his community. He spoke of the contemporary physician's refusal to adopt a leadership role in community life. Dr. Berryhill attributed this regrettable phenomenon to the constricted scientific education of the modern doctor *vis a vis* the broad liberal arts education acquired by the doctor of an earlier generation. He presented a strong and convincing case for the broadening of the educational base of the present-day doctor. His address had a profound impact as far as I was concerned, for his adjurations followed my natural bent. This incident, coupled with the organization of a Great Books Club in our community soon after, led me into a more comprehensive reading program than I had ever engaged in before. I was initially guided by Clifton Fadiman's *Lifetime Reading Plan*, but soon drifted back into the historical literature which I have continued to read until the present. Even at the risk of being thoroughly pedestrian, I am compelled to enumerate some of the historical works which I read and which impressed me the most. For basic knowledge I read *A History of Civilization* by Brinton, Christopher, and Wolff, *The Growth of the American Republic* by Morison and Commager, Charles and Mary Beard's *Basic History of the United States*, Thomas A. Baily's *The American Pageant*, Hugh T. Lefler and Albert R. Newsome's *North Carolina: The History of a Southern State*, and Guion G. Johnson's *Ante-Bellum North Carolina*. I also began to read the various historical journals. My reading made me yearn to write something. I tried to write an article about the impact of the Civil War on a Burke County family. When it was completed, I soon found that it was too long to be published in a journal and too short to be a book. Moreover, in spite of all the work I had done, it was clumsily written, inadequately researched, and improperly footnoted, and I had unearthed but little that had not been ploughed and harrowed many



times by newspaper feature writers and Civil War buffs. If it were not for the courteous consideration, enlightened counselling, and unwarranted encouragement which I received from the professional historians of this State, my career as a local historiographer would have been somewhat abruptly terminated. For although I was a flagrant interloper in the field, and had no license or credentials of any sort, they took me in and made me feel worthy of their time and attention. Particularly was this so at the State Department of Archives and History in Raleigh, at the Southern Historical Collection and North Carolina Room here, and at the Manuscript Department at the Duke University Library. Since that time I have had occasion to work in many libraries, both large and small, and my relationship with the people who make them go has always been both pleasant and rewarding. I truly believe that librarians can be numbered among the most amiable and the most obliging members of the human race.

Several years later, after I had learned something about historical source material and where to find it, I reworked my Civil War paper and it was accepted for publication in *The North Carolina Historical Review*. Inspired, I began preparation for several other historical articles. This, to a considerable degree influenced what I read, and also what I read undoubtedly influenced what I wrote. I read works about the South which tended to mold my concepts and break down some of my prepossessions: Frank L. Owsley's *Plain Folk of the Old South*, John Hope Franklin's *The Militant South*, C. Vann Woodward's *The Burden of Southern History*, and the novels of William Faulkner—particularly the Snopes Trilogy. I read, reread, and studied Wilber J. Cash's trenchant masterpiece, *The Mind of the South*—to my way of thinking, the most penetrating analytical study of the South yet written. Like Faulkner, he learned to know the South first-hand—through long, painstaking observation and shrewd speculation. He had trained his mind for the task. "In the field of observation," said Claude Bernard, "chance favors the mind that is prepared," and this dictum certainly applied to Cash, as well as to Faulkner.

For superb style and period background, I relished Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Age of Jackson*. The brief articles that I continued to write served as a catalyst to further reading and study in divergent fields. "The more you press in toward the heart of a narrowly bounded historical problem," says Arthur O. Lovejoy, "the more likely you are to encounter in the problem itself a



pressure which drives you outward beyond those bounds." This certainly was the case with me. I soon found myself, for no apparent reason, reading Irving Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*, H. Butterfield's *The Origins of Modern Science, 1300-1800*, James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making*, R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, J. H. Randall, Jr.'s *The Making of the Modern Mind* and Lovejoy's *The Great Chain of Being*. I fought my way doggedly through Alfred North Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*, sometimes following a faint glimmer of light, sometimes floundering in total darkness. By this time I had come to realize that there were some books I liked, others I admired because I appreciated the artistic or intellectual accomplishments of the author. Some intrigued me and appealed to my imagination or curiosity. Others read hard and challenged my ability to follow the convolutions of the written word as extruded from a superior mind. Pleasure, delight, satisfaction and self-respect intermingled with each reading—or writing experience. So much for my concrete experiences in the world of the mind up until now. At present I subscribe to three historical journals, two surgical journals, one local and one state newspaper, and *The New York Times* (daily except for the Sunday edition). I occasionally review a book for the *North Carolina Historical Review* and I write a historical article whenever I can conjure up a local subject that may have wider implications.

Now—the literary and intellectual adventures that I have just delineated are, for the most part, not really unique for a young American growing up in a literate environment in the early decades of the present century—or, for that matter, in the previous century. But this is, I believe, no longer the case. To my way of thinking, we are now and have been for the past twenty or more years in the throes of an intellectual revolution. This new epoch that we have entered so unwarily, I shall refer to as The Age of the Tube. No generation other than ours will ever have experienced this transition; we belong to the last living remnant who knew what it was like in The Pre-Tubean Era. Radio did not have the same impact as The Tube, for it was necessary that one comprehend the spoken word to some degree in order to enjoy it. Such is not the case with The Tube. I truly believe that this mode of communication has—and will, to a still larger degree in the future—revolutionize the intellectual life of our country to a greater extent than the automobile and the airplane have revolutionized transportation.

Which brings me to the contemplative life, and what it means to those who seek it, and what its place will be in The Age

of the Tube. Well—this much is certain: The contemplative life will be more difficult, for this is a raucous, strident, superficially glittering age that is, on its face, distracting and does not lend itself easily to rational thought, reflection and quiet speculation. This strident, activist, brittle age, surging ahead to almost nowhere, is very impatient. Rushing ahead against time, it cannot wait. There is not much room in it for the mind to roam, no place for imaginative consideration, little place for the careful scholar, fumbling about in his scattered evidence, hoping to state a premise, produce a notion, or solve a perplexity that will stand uncontested for a fleeting moment or two. It is a harsh visceral age that harkens only to the gut or the gland. Competition is the engine that drives it, and Motion is the accepted substitute for Progress. To get there fustest with the mostest, is, in the vernacular, the name of the game. Transient thrills are mistaken for genuine, constructive innovations. All this and more—pushing aside the contemplative life, invading its sanctuaries, tearing down its icons, hacking away at its high morality. Yet there is, ostensibly, still some public approval for the life of the mind: “For mankind in general,” says Dr. Paul D. MacLean of the National Institute of Mental Health, “the best hope for salvation seems to lie in education and self-enlightenment. With a brain more remarkable than any mechanism in the known universe man has ample potential for further domesticating his emotions and harnessing them for constructive purposes.” This all sounds fine but the head of an English infant school is more conscious of our national attitude when she warns: “If my children get perfect reading scores and then grow up to read only the tabloids and movie magazines, I shall have failed. My job is to develop attitudes and values as well as skills. I don’t want to develop a generation of proficient readers that lack human values.” And James Reston, in a humorous article entitled “The State of Uncle Sam” advises: “If you can get him [i. e. Uncle Sam] away from the TV and the singing commercials and persuade him to read a book once in a while, that would help . . . . It won’t take long to get him back in good form. No pills to put him to sleep or wake him up—just a little rest and a little time to think. That’s about all he needs.” I wish I could feel this reassuring.

In contrast, permit me to quote from an experience related by Mark Ptashne, a professor of molecular biology at Harvard University who visited Hanoi recently and gave a series of lectures there. “Mr. Thien, age thirty-five,” says Ptashne, “was trained in Hanoi as a mechanical engineer. I [i. e. Professor Ptashne] asked



him where he acquired the background in my field, which enabled him to so readily understand what I was saying. His response: 'I read' . . . At the end of our long discussion I asked the Vietnamese why they were so interested in molecular biology. . . Dr. Nguyen Tan gi Trong, a professor of biochemistry at Hanoi Medical School, replied that despite the war's destruction the Vietnamese are building a society and planning for the future which, he thought, requires knowing such things. He then smiled and said something which brought a laugh from the other Vietnamese. Mr. Thien translated: 'perhaps, he thought the Vietnamese have a gene which makes them want to learn.'

Perhaps we also, here in America, may have a gene which makes us want to learn. The facilities are available—the scientific laboratories, the books and manuscripts such as are housed in this fine library here at Chapel Hill. But, I have the impression—and I hope I'm wrong—that, by and large, the sirens which beckon from elsewhere are more enticing to our potential scholars than are these citadels of reflection and learning. The point I am trying to make is that our students are being diverted away from the scholarly life by an ever-increasing number of hyperactivistic pursuits which are overly aggressive, highly competitive, usually money-oriented, rarely of any lasting value and frequently counter-productive. Besting the other fellow is the primary motive of most of these pursuits, and they are inimical to world peace and to peace of mind. And this situation exists even though there are more people matriculated in advanced educational institutions of one sort or another than ever before in the history of the nation. This regrettable state of affairs is, in turn inimical to our society as a whole and to its individual members in particular. In contrast, the rewards that flow from the contemplative life are many and varied. Not that any reward is necessary to justify the life of the mind, for the acquisition of knowledge and the critical evaluation of what has been learned is an exciting and exhilarating experience within itself. Yet at this juncture it is worth pointing out some of these rewards: for instance, there are no deadlines in the world of the mind; no emergencies occur; its boundaries stretch out to infinity, so that one does not have to crowd out the other fellow in order to excel. One may choose his own companions, avoid bores, and travel at his own speed. Furthermore, the contemplative life does not deter one from acquiring the technical information and training that prepares him to earn a livelihood in some more or less standardized guild or profession, nor does it force one to neglect his occupation or eschew civic undertakings. Indeed it



does just the opposite: it tends to make the repetitive tasks of everyday life more tolerable. For it is the rare person who is so happy earning his daily bread that he needs no other pursuit. And still further, I believe we can rest assured that there is little likelihood that we will overindulge in the contemplative life. James Harvey Robinson says: "As members of a race that has required five hundred thousand to a million years to reach its present state of enlightenment, there is little reason to think that anyone of us is likely to cultivate intelligence too assiduously or in harmful excess."

So finally and in sum, I wish to say that I, for one, am personally grateful to the people such as you, throughout the nation, who have built and supported and improved the great public and university libraries for, in truth, these libraries are the powerhouses for the contemplative life. Living as I do in a semi-rural community, you have made it possible for me to read and write and study to a degree that would not have been possible otherwise. I heartily recommend the scholarly life running concurrently with the "everyday life" but to a considerable degree detached from it. For it is this detachment that frees the imagination, promotes rational thought, and stimulates reflection and speculation. I picture the world of the mind as a quiet, irenic world where no one is the aggressor, where man can study what he will, where the just critic is exalted, where there are green pastures and still waters which will nourish the mind—and perhaps even restore the soul. This may be advocating schizophrenia but, even so, it is a wholesome schizophrenia and I make no apologies. I thank you for allowing me to speak to you tonight.

## THE CURSE IN ANCIENT GREECE

By Anne Pauline Miller\*

The area of Classical Studies embraces many different disciplines, including among others, epigraphy and philology, fields which deal with circumscribed studies of their own but often provide evidence and information for one another. A student of Greek literature, for instance, will provide the epigrapher with the historical and political context in which to interpret his inscriptions and will, in turn, receive objective material evidence with which to evaluate the reliability of his literary source.

Perhaps the best example of the interdependence of literary and inscriptional studies is the close link between Thucydides' account of the Peloponnesian War and the so-called Athenian Tribute Lists, a reckoning on stone of the amounts paid by the allies of Athens to the treasury of the goddess Athena during the course of that war. The record of contributions reflects the growth of Athenian power and variations in the amounts assessed indicate changes in the status of the allies or Athens' financial situations; and these are precisely the topics about which Thucydides concerned himself and dealt with in his narrative. Again, inscriptions such as the Marmor Parium, a chronological list of events originally covering the period from the foundation of Athens to 264 B.C., a span of some 1300 years, allow the philologist to date more precisely the material in which he is interested. In such situations, it is imperative for the philologist to have a working knowledge of epigraphy and the epigrapher to be well-grounded in literature; in fact, one man is often both philologist and epigrapher.

Occasionally the bond between the disciplines is slightly more tenuous, although it does, nonetheless, exist. Such is the case when the epigrapher and the interpreter of literature work, each in his own field, on material which is similar, perhaps, in one respect but not necessarily directly related. For instance, the only feature common to a funerary inscription and a poem by Solon may be the elegaic meter in which they were written; a clay cup from the earliest Greek colony in Italy bears the name of the Homeric hero Nestor, but there is nothing else to connect the vessel with the *Iliad*.

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\*Miss Miller is currently a graduate student in the Department of Classics at UNC. Her dissertation will center on the lead curse tablet in the Rare Book Room Collection.

In at least one instance, however, the apparent lack of relation between the two fields is deceptive; here the unifying feature is fundamental and the situation somewhat complex, for the content of the items in question is quite similar but the direct and basic correlation has, for the most part, not been investigated. I hope to demonstrate in this study the need for further work on the underlying identity of the curse as it exists in ancient literature and epigraphical remains; I make no claims to cover the matter adequately, indicating only the basic outline of the problem and the areas for further, detailed scrutiny.

One of the earliest components of Greek religion, the curse is, in its most basic form, a wish that evil may befall someone and a prayer to the gods that this misfortune will occur. Often, a person swearing an oath will invoke a curse upon himself if he violates his pledge. Homer offers the example of the threat made by Odysseus to the knave Thersites:

“If once more I find you playing the fool, as you are now,  
nevermore let the head of Odysseus sit on his shoulders,  
let me nevermore be called Telemachos’ father,  
if I do not take you and strip away your personal clothing,  
your mantle and your tunic that cover over your nakedness,  
and send you thus bare and howling back to the fast ships,  
whipping you out of the assembly place with the strokes of  
indignity.”

(*Iliad* II 258-64; R. Lattimore’s translation)

In this case the parallels in epigraphical texts are somewhat inexact, since the extant oaths and treaties recorded on stone most often stipulate financial penalties to which the party breaking the oath is liable, frequently a fine to be paid into the treasury of the god before whom the oath was made.

However, oaths with curses appended appear several times in literary contexts which imply that the oath was once inscribed, since the usual means of publishing decrees and decisions of deliberative or legislative groups was the erection of a stone pillar bearing the official text. Aeschines, for one, in his speech *Against Ctesiphon* (chapters 108-112) refers to an oath taken by the governing body at Delphi; the orator calls for a reading of the attendant curse in the assembly and several times quotes from it verbatim himself, indicating that there was available a copy of the oath itself. Furthermore, the language and phrasing of the curse are close to the formulae in other inscribed curses:

...for it stands written in the curse: “If anyone should violate this,” it says, “whether city or private man, or tribe, let them be



under the curse of Apollo and Artemis and Leto and Athena Pronaia." The curse goes on: That their land bear no fruit; that their wives bear children not like those who begat them, but monsters; that their flocks yield not their natural increase; that defeat await them in camp and court and market-place, and that they perish utterly, themselves, their houses, their whole race. . . .

(C. D. Adam's translation)

Epigraphical and literary curses directed against another person are, likewise, remarkably similar at times; this similarity can best be seen if the material is divided, not into literary and epigraphical examples, but into public and private curses.

Public curses are those invoked by a state against its enemies, foreign and domestic; since Greek law had its origins in religion, the union of ritual and statute is quite understandable. If, by some chance, the human agencies of justice fail to accomplish their purpose, the people have an ally in the supernatural powers. A murderer, for instance, brings upon himself and his state the taint of pollution; he is subject, therefore, to both religious and criminal prosecution. The double nature of this guilt is made quite clear in the ordeal which Orestes undergoes in his trial for the killing of his mother. Orestes has been ritually purified but the Furies who pursue him threaten disaster for the city of Athens if the court acquits him of the charge. Aeschylus resolves the problem but does not deny that divine agents are concerned with human legal affairs.

A fair number of epigraphical fragments contain laws which include a curse; they come from all parts of the Greek world and deal with a variety of circumstances. One of the earliest examples, and one of the longest, comes from the Ionian city of Teos. The stone column contains a number of provisions, each with its own curse, threatening the miscreant and his family with utter destruction; the list of offenses includes the manufacture of poisons, commercial dishonesty, political disobedience, and damage to the inscription; furthermore, the magistrate who fails to pronounce the imprecation publicly at the prescribed time is also subject to the curse.

We have, in literature, several notices of public curses in use at Athens. According to Plutarch, Solon included one in his reform legislation, legislation which was published in stone. Also from literary sources, we have enough information about the annual curse pronounced by the Athenian Assembly to know its general provisions, among them a denunciation of the Persians and tyrants and those who conspired with them. The evidence from

our sources suggests that this, too, was inscribed although fragments have not been actually uncovered.

The two most significant uses of the public curse as a literary device come in widely different works. In his *Thesmophoriazusae*, Aristophanes presents an assembly of women, who direct a curse against any of their number who conspire with the Persians, tyrants, and Euripides, all their mortal enemies. This intentional parody of the Athenian counterpart adds to the comedy with its mock solemnity.

In the second instance, the curse adds to the drama, but the effect created is one of horror. Upon learning from Delphi that the plague in his land results from the pollution caused by the unavenged murder of Laius, Oedipus, in his capacity as absolute ruler of Thebes, pronounces a solemn curse against the unknown killer and any who harbor him.

I command all to drive him from their homes,  
since he is our pollution, as the oracle  
of Pytho's God proclaimed him now to me.  
So I stand forth a champion of the God  
and of the man who died.  
Upon the murderer I invoke this curse—  
whether he is one man and all unknown,  
or one of many—may he wear out his life  
in misery to miserable doom!  
If with my knowledge he lives at my hearth  
I pray that I myself may feel my curse. . . .  
Those who do not obey me, may the Gods  
grant no crops springing from the grounds they plough  
nor children to their women! May a fate  
like this, or one still worse than this consume them!

(*Oedipus Tyrannus*, 243-51, 269-72; D. Greene's translation)

This inexorable curse, unwittingly called down on his own head, must have sent a shudder through the audience and the official nature of the imprecation would add to the impact.

It is clear, I think, that a knowledge of the existence of public curses as they occur on stone contributes materially to a fuller understanding of certain curses as they appear in literature. The same can be said about private curses, but more interesting here is the divergent development of two forms which reflect two levels of civilization.



Since the private curse undoubtedly originated before the public formulation, the earliest examples of the type tend to be less formal and rigid; the result, however, is the same. Homer presents several instances of the embryonic curse which contains all of the elements of the later, fully developed, form.

. . .and my father when he heard of it straightway called down his curses, and invoked against me the dreaded furies that I might never have any son born of my seed to dandle on my knees; and the divinities, Zeus of the underworld and Persephone the honoured goddess, accomplished his curses.

(*Iliad* IX. 453-57; R. Lattimore's translation)

In its simplest form the curse contains the name of the offender, an invocation of the gods, and a request for punishment. As might be expected, curses occur frequently in Greek tragedy; here a distinction must be drawn between the imprecation itself and the resulting accursedness. There is, for example, an inherent destructive principle in the genealogy of Oedipus and it is this, to some extent, which causes him to call for the destruction of his sons. This motif repeats itself throughout tragedy and other examples will provide ample material for further study.

In the course of the centuries, however, an interesting development took place. Hellenistic poets often adopted certain themes from earlier literature and elaborated on them to form a new genre; detailed descriptions of pastoral life, for instance, achieve independent life in the *Idylls* of Theocritus. Also subject to glorification were items of everyday life; art and sculpture became more realistic, and literature, particularly comedy, included characters representative of the middle or lower classes. Both of these tendencies were influential when these later poets became interested in the curse. Unfortunately, much of the relevant Hellenistic literature no longer survives, but we do know a fair amount about it from a variety of sources, especially fragments found in papyri and imitations in Roman authors.

A great deal of rivalry existed among the poets resident in Alexandria in the third century B.C. and this provoked Callimachus to direct against his chief competitor an extremely obscure and artificial curse, the *Ibis*; this poem has perished but Ovid made use of this form in his poem of the same name. Ovid's *Ibis* dates to the period of his exile and is addressed to the one responsible for his tribulations. Most of the 644 lines of the poem are devoted to the various sufferings awaiting the guilty party. These range from the simple "May the earth refuse thee her fruits and the river his water, may wind and breeze deny their breath"

(107-108) to the very contrived “And lest the examples of a former age be lacking to thy torment, let not thine ills be lighter than those of Troy, and such wounds as the son of Poeas, heir of club-wielding Hercules, endured in his envenomed leg, mayst thou bear in thine.” (251-54; J.H. Mozley’s translation)

Another poem of this sort, the *Dirae*, has come down to us in the corpus of Vergil’s works, but it is impossible to identify certainly the author or the circumstances under which it was written. This work is much shorter (103 lines) and the bitterness of the curse is tempered with melancholy.

When with his axe the soldier’s impious hand shall fell it, and the lovely shadows fall, thyself, more lovely than they, shalt fall, the old owner’s happy timber. Yet all for naught! Rather, accursed by our verses, thou shalt burn with heaven’s fires.

(31-35; M.R. Fairclough’s translation)

Each of these imprecatory poems has a specific person as its object, but this is not always the case. Euphorion, one of the most influential of the Hellenistic poets, directed a curse against the unknown thief who stole his cup; the fragments which survive show that Euphorion, too, exercised his imagination in inventing tortures. Very unlike this is the simple warning on a sixth century vase:

I belong to Tataie and whoever steals me will go blind.

(C. I. G. I. 865)

Grave inscriptions often carry curses as a warning to would-be tomb robbers.

The type of private curse by far the most common is the body of inscriptions known as *defixiones*. Generally speaking, these curses consist of an address to certain gods, usually those connected with the underworld, and a call for the “binding” of certain parts of a man’s body or the destruction of his whole person.

I consign to Demeter and Kore the man who has affirmed against me that I make deadly poisons for my husband. To Demeter let him go consuméd with fire, and in the presence of all his relatives confess his slander; and may he find no favor with Demeter and Kore, nor with the gods in Demeter’s company.

(S. I. G.<sup>3</sup> 1175)

I bind Theagenes in tongue and soul, and the speech that he is preparing. I bind also the hands and feet of Pyrrhias the cook, his tongue and his soul and the speech that he is preparing.

(S. I. G.<sup>3</sup> 1177; W.K.C. Guthrie’s translations)



The provocation for such a curse may be personal enmity, a law suit, or even a chariot race; the *defixio* may also function as a love charm, threatening impotence if the beloved is unfaithful.

Although these texts vary a great deal in minor details, one thing remains constant. Almost without exception, *defixiones* are written on thin sheets of lead which are then folded and often pierced with a nail. And, since the efficacy of the curse depends on its delivery to the underworld, the tablet may be deposited in a grave, well, or river, or may simply be left in the temple of some infernal deity.

Magic elements were often used in the composition of these curses in order to render them unintelligible to any except the gods to whom they were addressed. Words or whole lines may be written backward; the order of the letters, words, or lines may be jumbled; meaningless series of letters may be added anywhere.

*Defixiones* have a long history, from the fifth century B.C. well into the Christian era. To turn a pagan practice to Christian advantage, the writer of the curse substituted the name of Christ and/or the angels for that of the pagan gods and prefixed a cross. Furthermore, tablets bearing curses have been found all over the ancient world, attesting to the widespread popularity of the custom. W.K.C. Guthrie, in his *The Greeks and Their Gods* (pp. 273-74), notes that it was still possible, in Wales, to curse a neighbor in much the same way as late as the middle of the nineteenth century.

Since this practice existed in most periods of Greek literature and was by no means confined to the lowest classes, it seems unlikely that such an omnipresent and ingrained habit would leave no impression on contemporary literature. The better we understand the mentality which produced the *defixio*, and the other curses, the better we can evaluate Greek literature as an ancient would, with one more area of his consciousness open to us.

We have few enough sources of information about the life and thought of the ordinary citizen of ancient Greece; one of these, the *defixio*, has too long been the concern of epigraphers alone. An effort should be made to distill from the mass of this material, and that of the public curses as well, information which will be of significance and value to the philologist in his studies.

This, then, is the problem to be considered: a study of the curse in its various manifestations and the interrelation of the several forms. Such a study would reveal, hopefully, an integrated picture of at least one more aspect of the political, literary, and religious life of the ancient world.

The following sixteenth century manuscript has been translated with notes by Miss Elizabeth Lansing, of the staff of the Rare Book Collection. It is hoped that in future numbers of *The Bookmark* we will be able to include descriptions and translations of other manuscripts from the holdings of the Rare Book Collection.

### “THE LANDLORD IS THE GUELF PARTY”

Among the manuscripts acquired from the Reverend Aaron Burtis Hunter by the University Library is one that could bear the above title—though in fact it is headed only by its date: “Die iv augusti 1524.” A translation of this brief document will be given below following some remarks about other manuscript holdings.

The Hunter items constitute by far the major portion of these holdings, but have been augmented by gift and purchase over the years. Many of the more distinguished pieces are described in the Bond-Faye *Supplement to the Census of Medieval and Renaissance Manuscripts in the United States and Canada* (Bibliographical Society of America, 1962. This work lists items written by hand before 1601.).

Two years ago the Houghton Library at Harvard undertook compilation of a revised, enlarged *Supplement*. The Rare Book Collection of the University of North Carolina Library then began preparing descriptions of the remainder of its early manuscripts so that as many as possible might be submitted for inclusion in the new census.

Book-type manuscripts among those recently examined for census listing include a complete *Satirae* of Juvenal, in 81 bound leaves, gift of Dr. Preston Davie; and 126 bound leaves presenting several works by Aristotle in Latin translation. Both are ultimately of Italian provenance—the Juvenal written in 1467 (before the first printed edition of works by this poet), the Aristotle about a decade earlier. The latter was purchased with funds donated by the Friends of the Library; it is described in some detail in the *Bookmark* for August 1962.

A small but attractive group of illuminated pieces consists primarily of single leaves from service books and Biblical texts. Ornamentation of these runs the gamut from light rubrication to an extravagant combination of gilt and four pigments.

A considerable proportion of the material is of the archival type, including: proclamations; letters, both personal and official;



individual financial records of purchases, loans, dowry provisions; wills. These manuscripts are for the most part without decoration, though proclamations (e.g. one by Francis I of France, another by Aloysius Mocenigo, Doge of Venice) show a cultivated calligraphy. Various items carry interesting seals and notaries' devices.

Geographically Northern Italy is most heavily represented among the archival manuscripts, with documents in Latin or Italian. However one of the earliest items is a German last will and testament of the Herzog Muratz von Guteneff. This will, dated 1371, is written in an ornamental half-cursive Gothic hand, and was originally authenticated with no fewer than fourteen seals, some of which are preserved.

The manuscripts offer various possibilities for research. A brief letter from Cosimo de' Medici refers to financial transactions with Henry VIII of England.

A group of letters (unofficially called "the Zara group" by the staff), provides a fragmentary chronicle of events in the Venetian garrison of Zadar (Zara) on the Adriatic coast, 1593 to 1596. Most of the letters are from Count Giovanni Gabutio, and are concerned with the company of soldiers maintained in the name of the Count's son. They record many difficulties related to the securing of appropriate leadership, soldiers' pay, provisions. Besides the Zara group, other mementos of the Gabutio family may be found scattered through the collection.

Some genealogical study suggests itself. Not infrequently one encounters the surname of a noted family, but in combination with an unexpected given name, representing an individual unknown to the major biographical sources. This situation appears in the manuscript chosen for translation. Is Gregorio Manni a kinsman of the painter? A cursory check has not disclosed any relationship.

A good many other questions are raised but left unanswered by the following translation. The stated rental seems so low as to be trifling. One can conjecture, of course, that a tenant was needed; Gregorio was to keep the tower in repair, as will be seen. However it is not easy to determine, in equivalents of modern buying power that would be meaningful to us, just how much the rental was. It is not even certain that "a pound of wax" means a pound by weight. This is the likely reading, but another, not to be overlooked, is the amount that one pound in money (*libra*—*lira*) would buy—i.e. a pound's worth.

Another question concerns the “demands against Antonio,” mentioned in the second paragraph. What demands might Gregorio make? Probably the issue is not any opposition between the two, but some benefits or aids promised to Antonio, to which Gregorio acquires a claim in assuming the former’s debt.

Such invitations to conjecture are tantalizing just because one feels that the problems are not complex or abstruse. A bit of background information regarding customs should fill in all needed detail. In this respect the agreement between the Guelf Captains and Gregorio Manni seems typical of the Rare Book Collection’s archival manuscripts. No single item could be chosen as representative of all of them in content or form. But despite their diversity, most of them have the common property of being, from our point of view, reports of practical transactions in a world barely remote enough to seem somewhat elusive.

Means for sharpening the focus lie in the manuscripts themselves. Description for census listing is already disclosing that some of the documents are mutually complementary in various ways. Besides grouping based on historical context, one can distinguish those in which similar expressions recur, those that record similar situations, and some showing the same persons conducting their affairs in different contexts. Comparative study of such material should afford at least small gains in the vividness of our picture of Renaissance living.

The translation follows:

August 4, 1524

The magnificent Lord Captains of the illustrious Guelf Party of the Florentine state, with necessary reservations in the possession and sharing of the following, have let and granted, for use and profit as is customary: To Gregorio di Giovanni Piero Manni, who lives in Castelfiorentino, a certain tower situated in and upon the wall of Castelfiorentino facing the heights; upon the condition and agreement concluded between him and the aforesaid Lord Captains, that he himself be held to pay the entire debt which Messer Antonio di Messer Nicolao de Lanbardis di Catingniano or his heirs have to the whole Guelf Party for the rental of the said tower, which he rented from the said Party for twenty-one pounds of worked wax.

[This amount is] to be given and paid by him [i.e. Gregorio] to the said Party; and for the said Messer Antonio or his heirs every year at the feast of Saint Dennis, one pound of worked wax



up to the whole payment, over and above the stated rental to which he himself is held for [benefits] indicated below. Also it is agreed that when the payment has been completed, he himself may have the revenue; and the Lord Captains are held to comply with all his demands against the said Messer Antonio or his heirs.

Also upon condition that he be held at his own outlay and expense to repair and cover [the tower] and keep it covered and preserve it. Also upon condition that in any time and occasion of war he will attend to the guarding of the said place, or in any other public emergency the said tenant will be held to leave the said tower vacant at the request of any person among the aforesaid [Party members] having authority. Also upon condition that no privilege in relation to these goods shall be added for the said tenant through [any interpretation of] what is stated above or below. But by right, recognition of proprietorship, and on the basis of rental, he is held every year from the month of October at the feast of Saint Dennis to supply to their Party one pound of worked wax and one other for the debt described, of the said Messer Antonio, up to the full payment. But if for two years he delays to do so, he will lose the privilege of the present concession, and the aforesaid property with all improvements will revert to the said Party.

I, Rosso di Francesco de Rossis, sworn Chancery coadjutant of the Party in the aforesaid matters, enter my name.

The original of the above is in Latin. An attached slip in Italian records Gregorio's payment on August 6, 1526.

# Report of the Secretary

## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Having nearly reached forty years of age, the Friends of the Library now is in the flowering of maturity and should comprise a powerful support for the future planning of the University Library. Its influence is most strongly felt in moving the plans for our notable special collections; North Carolina, Manuscripts, and Rare Books, all administered by the triumvirate of leaders who have planned this annual meeting. I am doubly grateful to them and to all the Friends who give so freely of their substance and intelligence to help us serve well.

Our numerical membership is small; its stature is great. There are now 232 members in the Friends of the Library. Fiscal affairs are in good order, though we never seem to have very much cash on hand. This is largely because we plow every available sizeable gift into our building fund which will one day soon enable us to see a fine library building for the special collections alongside of Wilson. We now have legislative approval for the building project and administrative approval for planning the building. Before long we may even have a model to show you, and the construction cannot be far beyond that.

This year it is again my unhappy function to record the loss of some tried and true Friends, two of the Life Member group, Miss Mittie Wiley and Mr. Charles G. Terry. Time has also claimed good Friends and long-time members, Mr. Charles Cannon, Mr. Joseph L. Morrison, Mr. Robert Lee Humber, Mr. John W. Umstead, Mr. Lenoir Chamber, and Mrs. William W. Neal. We will find them hard to equal or replace, but time also brings us new faces and new strength. We keep our faith in our Friends.

We have had a good year, one you can all be proud to have shared. With the enduring good will and support of those who nobly serve as Friends of our Library and thus declare their faith, I cannot but be humble and appreciative of the privilege of serving our university.

JERROLD ORNE  
*Secretary*



# Statement of the Friends of the Library Fund

April 28, 1971

<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 30, 1970	\$ 3,875.69
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## *Receipts*

Donations by members	\$1,864.00
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Royalties ( <i>The Southern Part of Heaven</i> ) William Meade Prince	<u>961.80</u>
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Total Receipts	\$2,825.80	<u>\$ 2,825.80</u>
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\$ 6,701.49

## *Expenditures*

Annual Dinner 1970	\$ 499.86
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Bookmark	435.69
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Printing, programs, addresses	32.68
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Books for the Library	15.90
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Honorarium (Rubin)	<u>100.00</u>
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Total Expenditures	\$1,084.13	<u>\$ 1,084.13</u>
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<i>Fund Balance</i>	April 23, 1971	\$ 5,617.36
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Submitted April 30, 1971

JOHN L. TEMPLE  
*Treasurer*

# Report of the Nominating Committee

The Nominating Committee submits the following slate of officers for the year 1971-1972:

*For Vice-Chairman:* Dr. W. L. Wiley for the term of three years.

*For Secretary:* Dr. Jerrold Orne.

*For Treasurer:* Mr. John L. Temple.

*Honorary Chairman:* Mr. James G. Hanes.

*Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten.

For life membership in the Friends the Committee is pleased to nominate the following persons in recognition of their generosity to the University Library:

Mrs. Marion Jackson Givens

Dr. William Gilliam Wilson, Jr.

Respectfully submitted:

J. O. BAILEY

ALFRED ENGSTROM

LOUISE McG. HALL, *Chairman*



A SELECTED LIST OF TITLES PRESENTED  
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA LIBRARY  
SINCE MAY 1970

In the past year the Rare Book Collection has acquired through the Whitaker Foundation two Roman tablets of marble, dating respectively from the first and second centuries A.D. These are sepulchral tablets giving the names of the persons commemorated as well as the names of those who erected the markers. The older tablet is shaped like a Roman arch and measures thirteen inches high by ten inches wide, while the second is rectangular in shape measuring ten inches high by thirteen inches wide. The Department of Classics will use these tablets in its classes on epigraphy and paleography.

Three important additions have been made to the Incunabula Collection. Two of these were secured through the Sarah Graham Kenan Foundation and one from the Whitaker endowment. *Aesop's Fables*, printed in parallel columns in Greek and Latin at Reggio nell' Emilia in 1497 by Dionysius Bertochus, was edited by Bonus Accursius. The work is beautifully bound in nineteenth century blue crushed morocco. The second incunabulum from the Kenan Foundation is the *Satires* of Juvenal. This edition contains extensive commentaries by Jodocus Badius and Antoninus Mancinellus. Published at Lyons in 1498, it is the first book to be printed by Nicolaus Wolf. The title page is printed in red and black with a handsome woodcut of Juvenal and his two commentators. *De Historia Romana* by Rufus Festus, secured through the Whitaker Foundation, was printed at Rome by Eucharius Silber in 1491. The work, bound in contemporary vellum, was edited by Angelus Tiphernas.

Among the significant titles from the sixteenth century acquired through the Whitaker Foundation are: the reply of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to Luther's reformatory treatises, entitled *Assertionis Lutheranae Confutatio*, Cologne, 1525; *Determinations of the Moste Famous and Moste Excellent Universities of Italy and Fraunce*, a significant document in support of Henry VIII's divorce, by Thomas Cranmer, London, 1531; an important source for the history of the Investiture Contest by the Bavarian humanist and historian, Joannes Aventinus, *Imperatoris Henrici Quarti . . . Vita*, Augsburg, 1518; *Libellus de Primatu Romani Pontificis*, of Cabasilas Nilus and edited by the reformer, Illyricus Flacius, Frankfurt, 1555, an attack on papal authority; a very rare work by Erasmus in which he disagrees with Luther, entitled

*Responsio ad Epistolam Apologeticam Incerto Authore*, Cologne, 1542; *Petri Victorii Commentarii in VIII Libros Aristotelis de Optimo Statu Civitatis*, Florence, 1576, Greek text of the *Politica* with Latin translation and Vettori's commentary; a defense of magic by Agrippa von Nettesheim, Paris, 1531; *Britannie Utriusq regû et Principum origo & Gesta insignia . . .* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Bishop of St. Asaph; Lodovico Dolce's edition of Petrarca's *Novissimamente Revisto, e Corretto*, Venice, 1553; the Venice, 1536 edition of Dante's *Cantica del Divino Poeta* with commentary by Cristoforo Landino; also *L'Amoroso Convivio* of Dante, Venice, 1531; a collection of four hundred *Lettere Devotissime* by Saint Catherine of Siena, addressed to kings, popes, cardinals, and private persons, Venice, 1584; an edition of five books of the *Divine Lettere* of Marsilio Ficino, Venice 1546, an important source for this philosopher's ideas, life and times; *Quattro Comedie* by the satirical dramatist and poet, Pietro Aretino, London, 1588; Erasmus's Latin translation of Galen's essay, *Ad Bonas Artes Exhortatio*, Paris, 1547, treating of the relationship of medicine to philosophy; *Anthologia Diaphoron*, edited and printed by Henri Estienne, Paris, 1566, an elegant example of Greek printing and an important work in the history of philology; and *Ecclesiae Gallicanae in Schismate Status*, by Pierre Pithou, legal adviser of Henri IV, Paris, 1594, the first work formulating the principles of Gallicanism.

Representative of the seventeenth century titles added to the Rare Book Collection are: the second English edition of Philippe de Comines' *Historia*, London, 1601, translated by Thomas Danett; John Florio's translation of the *Essayes or, Morall, Politike, and Militarie Discourses* of Montaigne, London, 1632; the *Twelve Aeneids* of Vergil, translated by John Vicars, London, 1632; *The Soules Exaltation* and *The Soules Humiliation*, by the New England divine, Thomas Hooker, both titles printed at London in 1638; *History of King John, King Henry III, & the Most Illustrious King Edward I*, by the Puritan pamphleteer, William Prynne, London, 1670; Sir Richard Fanshawe's translation of *The Faithful Shepherd*, by Giovanni Battista Guarini, London, 1676; Thomas Blount's *Glossographia, or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language*, London, 1681; two titles by John Dryden, a first edition of *The Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel*, London, 1682; and *The Indian Emperour, or the Conquest of Mexico*, London, 1692; an important work against Luther by Johannes Eck, a leader in organizing the Catholic opposition, entitled *Encheiredion Locorum Adversus Martinum Lutherum*, Cologne, 1600; *Historia Venetiana*,



by Paolo Paruta, Venice, 1605; a comprehensive chronicle of the Gothic kings of Spain, *Historia de los Reyes Godos* by Julian de Castillo, Madrid, 1624; and *The Voiages and Travels of John Struys Through Italy, Greece, Muscovy, Tartary, Media, Persia, East-India, Japan and other countries* . . . translated from the Dutch by John Morrison, London, 1684.

Among the more important acquisitions of the past year from the eighteenth century are: a first edition of Lord Chesterfield's *Miscellaneous Works: Letters to His Friends*, London, 1777; *The Consolidator: or, Memoirs of Sundry Transactions From the World In the Moon*, by Daniel Defoe, first edition, London, 1705; an important addition to the Johnson-Boswell Collection, *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces*, three volumes, by Dr. Johnson and others, London, 1773-1774; the seventh and eighth editions of Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary*, published 1785 and 1799 respectively; and the rare first edition of *Lyrical Ballads, With a Few Other Poems*, by William Wordsworth and Samuel T. Coleridge, London, 1798, containing the first printing of *The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere*.

In the field of eighteenth-century American imprints several interesting titles have been added: *Poems* by Josias Lyndon Arnold, Providence, R.I., 1797; *Letter to the National Convention of France*, by Joel Barlow, New York, 1793?; Thomas Bromley's *The Way to the Sabbath of Rest*, printed at Germantown, Pennsylvania in 1759 by Christopher Sower; a first edition of *Letters From a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies*, Boston, 1768, by John Dickinson; two works by the New England theologian, Jonathan Edwards, *A Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of That Freedom of Will* . . . Boston, 1754, and *A Treatise Concerning Religious Affections*, New York, 1768; and *The History of the Insurrections in Massachusetts in the year 1786*, by George Richards Minot, printed in 1788 at Worcester by the famous Massachusetts printer, Isaiah Thomas.

An important addition to the Dickens Collection is a first printing of John Forster's three-volume *Life of Charles Dickens*, London, 1872-1874. Each volume is interleaved with original autographed letters of Dickens' contemporaries, all of whom are mentioned in Forster's biography. Among the better-known are: Robert Browning, Benjamin Disraeli, Alexander Dumas, Bret Harte, Victor Hugo, Bulwer Lytton, and W.M. Thackeray.

American literature of the nineteenth century is represented by acquisitions of first editions of: Mark Twain's *Sketches*, New York, 1874; *The Pilot* by James Fenimore Cooper, New York, 1823; *The Black Riders and Other Lines*, Boston, 1895, by Stephen Crane; *The Dolliver Romance and Other Pieces*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Boston, 1876; Washington Irving's *Abbotsford*, and *Newstead Abbey*, London, 1835; *Outre-Mer* by Longfellow, New York, 1835; and *Early Spring in Massachusetts* by Thoreau, Boston, 1881.

Dr. William Gilliam Wilson, of Smithfield, North Carolina, U.N.C. class of 1919, has presented the Rare Book Collection two rare titles of Americana. One has the lengthy title *An Historical Account of the Expedition Against the Ohio Indians, in the Year 1764; Under the Command of Henry Bouquet; Including His Transaction With the Indians, Relative to the Delivery of Their Prisoners. . .* By a Lover of His Country, London, 1766. The work was written anonymously by William Smith, an Anglican clergyman and first Provost of the College of Philadelphia, who compiled it at the request of Henry Bouquet. It contains a fine folded map of parts of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio, and two engravings of Indians from drawings by Benjamin West.

The second of Dr. Wilson's gifts, *Geographical, Historical, Political, Philosophical, and Mechanical Essays. . .* by Lewis West, was printed at Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin and D. Hall in 1755. The work includes a large folded map in color of The Middle British Colonies in America. The entire thirty-two page essay is devoted to an analysis of this map.

In the past year a valuable collection, containing over two hundred volumes, of first and limited editions of twentieth century English and American writers has been presented to the University Library by Mrs. Marion Jackson Givens, of Biltmore, North Carolina. John Galsworthy is the author best represented in the collection which includes more than forty titles by him. Many of these are signed by Galsworthy and one contains an autographed letter. Other writers present in Mrs. Givens' gift are: Joseph Conrad, Hugh Walpole, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Joseph Hergesheimer, and James Branch Cabell.

The Thomas E. Watson Papers, deposited in the Southern Historical Collection in 1931 as a loan and added to by the Brown family through the years, were given to the University Library in 1970 by Mr. Thomas Watson Brown of Atlanta. This large collection of political, personal, and business papers of Watson (1856-1922) Georgia lawyer, planter, United States Senator and



representative, Populist Party leader, author and editor, has been and continues to be a valuable resource for scholars in the field of American history.

The Southern Historical Collection has been pleased to receive another installment of the papers of Mr. Jonathan Daniels, author and former editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer*.

Mrs. Young B. Smith, formerly Edith Branson, together with Miss Elizabeth Branson, Mr. Phillip Branson, and Lanier Branson, has given one hundred and sixty letterfile boxes of the extensive correspondence and other papers of their father, Eugene Cunningham Branson (1861-1933), rural social economist. Dr. Branson was Professor of rural economics at the University of North Carolina from 1914 to 1933.

Mrs. Lucille Kelling Henderson has greatly enriched the Archibald Henderson Collection of Shaviana by adding a significant series of Professor Henderson's lifelong correspondence concerning Bernard Shaw. The addition includes collected copies of Shaw letters as well as original Henderson-Shaw correspondence and other manuscripts.

LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE FRIENDS AND OTHERS  
WHOSE GIFTS OF BOOKS AND MATERIALS HAVE  
ENRICHED THE LIBRARY'S HOLDINGS  
SINCE MAY 1970

William R. Amberson	Mr. & Mrs. Charles C. Gregorie, Jr.
Carl E. Anderson	Edward O. Guerrant
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Lanier Branson	Cecil Johnson
Phillip Branson	Guy B. Johnson
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Thomas Watson Brown	Yoshiaki Kitani
William R. Bullard, Jr.	William Kornegay
Lewis T. Bullock	Sturgis E. Leavitt
Sarah W. Bunn	Mrs. Lucy H. Little
William M. Butler	David A. Lockmiller
Guy A. Cardwell	Lawrence F. London
Tomas Carrasquilla	Nicholas Long
Richard L. Cananova	Willie Jones Long
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Stanton A. Coblentz	Michael R. McVaugh
E. Wilson Coffin	Lelia Graham Marsh
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William W. Freehling	John C. Pemberton
Fred E. Gaillard	Sylbert Pendleton
A. Jacques Garvey	Mrs. Catherine Jones Pierce
Karl E. Gay	Rafael Pineda
W. Critz George	William S. Powell
Federico Gil	Mrs. Nancy S. Reynolds
Mrs. Marion Givens	Bennet Watson Roberts
Bernard G. Greenberg	Mrs. Ernest L. Robinson



Sidney H. Ruskin  
Aldo Scaglione  
Philip Schinhan  
Mrs. Laura Schaeffer Schnorrenberg  
Frederick Schonday  
Andres M. Scott  
Shelton H. Short  
Mrs. Young B. Smith  
John L. Snell  
Thomas S. Snyder  
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Mrs. Donald F. Stanat  
Mrs. Mary P. Stephenson  
George Stevens  
Mrs. Bertha Stinner  
Henry C. Thomas

The Honorable Strom Thurmond  
H.R. Totten  
Anne Leach Turner  
Frank G. Umstead  
Frank K. Vance  
Horace H. Vance  
Thomas H. Vance  
Carl Vitz  
W. Donald Watkins  
Herbert Wehman  
Bell I. Wiley  
Louis Round Wilson  
William Gilliam Wilson, Jr.  
Hugh H. Wooten  
Benjamin Zarr  
Mrs. Betty Gray Long Zouck









## FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

*Any interested person may become a member of the Friends of the Library. Student members pay \$2.00 annually; contributing members \$5.00 annually; associate members \$10.00 annually; sustaining members \$25.00 annually; patron members \$100 annually. Life members give \$1000 in money or books and manuscripts of that value.*



FRIENDS  
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MRS. LYMAN A. COTTEN.....*Honorary Secretary*

JERROLD ORNE.....*Secretary*

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*Executive Committee:* Norval Neil Luxon, John L. Snell,  
Jerrold Orne.

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The BOOKMARK is issued periodically by the University of  
North Carolina Library for its Friends.

Editor: LAWRENCE F. LONDON

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